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### UNDER THE LILAC.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Robed in purple the lilac
Catches the sun's gold kiss;
Touched by her queenly raiment
Dreameth a maid of bliss.

Dreameth the breath of lilac,
Lading the amber air;
Filleth the dim, dim vista
Of years excluding care.

Sweet, O sweet is the lilac,
Royally kissed of sun;
Sweet are the dreams of maiden;
This is the sweetest one.

Under the fringe of purple
Stoopeth a manly form;
The fancy blossoms real,
Her dreams with life are warm.

The lilac time forever!
The purple, gold, the breath;
The dreams, the true, true living,
Stronger to fade and death.

# A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

*Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### WHAT TEN YEARS DID.

Ten years! What an immense assemblage of events may be crowded into them; and how few. With what racing speed they may pass; and how slowly and wearily they may toil along. Ten years! What a lengthened period it is to look forward to the end of the last of those years! How short a period it seems to look back to the commencement of the first!

At the expiration of the tenth year after the events narrated in the preceding chapters had taken place, there was seated in the front chamber of a small cottage in the village of Tattenham in Surrey an elderly gentleman, who was about five feet one inch high, and weighed about seven stone six ounces at the most. He was not a dwarf, and there was nothing disproportionate in head or limbs; but he was small everywhere alike.

If it had not been for his wrinkled features and hands, he might have been taken for a boy. Indeed, he very much resembled a boy who had become prematurely aged, with a disposition to bow legs from infancy.

He was seated in an old high-backed oak chair, black with extreme age. He was smoking a pipe about half as long as himself, and though in the house and seated, he had on a broad-brimmed, tall, white, shiny beaver hat, which had apparently been made for a much bigger and more important person. On his body he wore a blue cloth jacket which had seen some bad weather—nay, a good deal of it—and a striped waistcoat, which descended much below his hips. His little trots of legs were deposited, it seemed for safe keeping, in a pair of buckskin leather smalls and a pair of brown topboots.

In short, he was a postboy—an old and short postboy—and he was dividing his time between his pipe, a mug of beer and a lecture to a strikingly handsome boy about thirteen years of age, who did not seem to accept with favor the exordium with which he was being entertained.

"You're a sarcy lad, Master Leo," he said, after he had quaffed a portion of the contents of the mug and removed the moisture from his lips with a brush of his cuff; "a werry imperdent, sarcy boy, an' a deal too fast! A masterful, sarcy, pert young waggerbone! You treats me jest as if I was one o' they cheeky lightweights up to the training stables yonder. You pays no respect to age. Do you know my age?"

"No," answered the boy, shortly. "Nick Huxtable says he thinks you and Methuselah was foaled together."

The postilion, who was about to repeat his dose of beer as before, paused, and gazed in unutterable silence for a moment at the author of this remark, and wagged his head twice or thrice, as if his throat were too full for words. At length he broke out:

"Does he? Well, when I gets alongside of Nick Huxtable I'll give him a Methuselah bit o' thong to taste, weight for age, and you, too, if I had my whipcord handy now, you sarcy young wiper you! You hain't no respect for nothin', you hain't. It's a nice thing, sartingly, for you to tell me to my mouth that you could win in a trot a two-mile handicap from such a old smoke-dried, pup-headed, bow-shinned 'rang-outang as me. That's pooty langwidge to hold to your grandfather!"

"You ain't my grandfather!" said the boy, saucily.

"Well, no, not exackily," returned the old man; "an' 'tis a fort'nate thing for you as I an't, for when you sees it fittin' to call me a pup-headed 'rang-outang—"

"Well, you called me a feather-weighted apple pip, and said I was obliged to be buckled on the pigskin to prevent the wind blowin' me over a yearling's tail," interrupted the boy, defiantly. "I don't do the high-down-diddle-doddle on a hunter that you do. I can put a three-year-old through a trial with Nat Chiffins, and I could walk home ten lengths ahead of you in a handicap match, no matter what you rode."

"Why, you egsasperatin', howdashus cub, you, I'll tell your mother——"

"She ain't my mother!" again interrupted the boy, insolently.

"No, 'cos she's my daughter, an' she wouldn't and couldn't have such a whelp as you, you nagging, cheeky, sarcy mongrel!" spat the old man, rising to his feet in a rage.

"Don't you call me a whelp!" exclaimed the boy, in the same defiant tone, "or I'll bowl that Dutch cheese between your pins and floor you."

The old man, utterly demoralized and exasperated by this threat, scuffled to the fireplace, where there were several whips of all sizes and conditions hanging up, and the boy, as if resolved to fulfil his menace, caught up the half of a Dutch cheese which was on a dish on the dresser, and on which the old man had been regailing himself before he took to his pipe, when a footstep descended the stairs quickly, and a knock was heard at the cottage door almost simultaneously.

This put an end to the imminent conflict, for the descending footsteps was made by a young woman not yet thirty, whose face, however, betrayed the lines of care rather deeply indented in the corners of the eyes and lips. She raised her finger, and cried, "Hush!" reprovingly, as the door was opened rather roughly by the hand of one without, who seemed to entertain a notion that he had the right to enter such a humble dwelling when he pleased.

As the door was flung back, two gentlemen were seen standing on the flagstones without, and one of them, looking into the cottage with an inquiring gaze, said:

"Does old Tate Lavender live here?"

"That's me!" exclaimed the old postilion, swinging round, and letting the whip he had caught up drop back into its place in the corner.

He was as red in the face as a turkey cock's gills, and his mouth was full of excessively bad language, but he banished his angry look, and upturned his wrinkled face with an obsequious smile.

"What's along of your pleasure with old Tate, gel'men?" he asked, affably.

"I want you to post me over to Mitchenham as quickly as possible," returned the speaker. "The landlord of the Flying Wonder promised to have the horses put to while I looked you up."

"Right you are, sir," answered old Tate, opening his mouth from ear to ear, and betraying more gums than teeth. "If you'll go back to the Wonder, I'll be over there in two twos."

The gentlemen turned away, and the pair retraced their steps towards the garden gate; but ere they had advanced a dozen paces, the one who had spoken felt a touch on his arm.

He turned sharply, and beheld the woman of the cottage at his elbow. She was inspecting his features with an anxious, searching expression in her eyes.

"Your pardon, sir," she said, in an undertone. "I never forget faces—I know you."

There was, perhaps, nothing so very wonderful in this if she had ever seen him before, for he had a remarkable countenance. Not so much for the handsome lineaments it possessed, or the quick, bright, keen intelligence which shone in his dark eyes, but for the very remarkable and not attractive hue of his


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That night, during the performance of Verdi's beautiful opera, "Il Traviata," he detected an involuntary movement on the part of Leo, and heard a little cry of surprise from her lips.

complexion. It had something of the amber tan of a West Indian's, but it was not so natural. It was rather as if a severe attack of jaundice had followed an explosion of gunpowder.

It was a blue drab, and wanted but little to make it awful. As it was, it was sufficiently unpleasing to create at first sight a feeling of repugnance, which was only counteracted by an exceedingly well bred air and a gentle manner of address.

He looked at her sharply as she uttered the last remark, and an expression stole over his face as though he remembered having somewhere seen her before, though he could not recall where.

"I am Mary Lavender," she said, laconically.

With a gesture of her hand she induced him to return to the cottage, and without a word she pointed to the boy, who was standing with an erect bearing facing old Tate, as if he had a conviction that the moment the unexpected visitors had gone there would be an active engagement between himself and the aged postilion.

The gentleman's eyes glittered as he looked on the boy; but there was no joy in the look. It was rather a kind of savage exultation which animated his startled features.

The lad was of a slight, slim, lithe form, as though he were in constant training for some physical feat where endurance was required. His face was pallid, having a pale brown ivory tinge; his features were regular, especially a straight Grecian nose, and small, pretty mouth—too pretty for a boy. But all his features were eclipsed by his eyes, which were large, intense, and of the darkest shade of brown.

As he glared at old Tate, his finely-chiseled nostrils dilated, and his small, pulpy lips compressed, the gentleman held his breath, and his face became a more decided ashen gray than before. But he only set his teeth hard together for a moment, and then, turning away, he said, with an assumed cold indifference:

"I remember the name of Lavender. Follow me to the Flying Wonder, and bring that boy with you."

The woman drew a deep breath as his shadow left the doorway, and muttered:

"So, my spoke in the wheel is coming up at last! She thought she had completely tricked me, and that I should never find out what had become of her; but a shred of thistledown is enough to show which way the wind is blowing. She'd better have made a friend than an enemy of Mary Lavender."

She threw on a bonnet and an old plaid shawl, tossed a dark green cloth cap, fashioned like a jockey's, to the boy, and said, in a tone which he knew it to be useless to dispute:

"Come along with me, Leo. You, father, wait here till I come back. The gentleman won't want you till I have done with him."

When Mary Lavender presented herself at the hotel she was ushered into a private room, in which the gentleman was expecting her, and where, with a perplexed, excited air, he was pacing up and down alone.

As soon as she appeared he closed the door and pointed to a chair, into which she mechanically glided. Then he took the boy abruptly by the arm, led him to the window, and looked earnestly, hungrily, into his face.

The boy returned the look, but evidently with much less prepossession, for, as he saw that the gentleman, with a burst of, to him, incomprehensible emotion, was about to put his arm about him and imprint a kiss on his cheek, he broke away from him, and with an angered, resentful look, cried:

"Don't you do that! I'm no girl! I hate to be kissed by anybody—not even by mother there—and I don't like your cut a bit!"

The gentleman started as if he had been bitten by a viper, and with a passionate revulsion of feeling pushed him away from him.

"Hers—hers—blood and brain!" he ejaculated, passing for an instant his hand over his eyes, and adding under his breath to himself, "I have sworn to wrench her from my heart, to have no mercy upon her, to torture her, if ever I come across her again, and I will—I will. Through him, too, for she must have one vulnerable point in her selfish heart, and I will reach it and break it."

He turned once more to the boy, and said, sternly:

"I see you are a stable lad in a racing stud — precocious and insolent as the rest of your class; but, understand, I have a power over you far superior to any you have yet known, and you will have to do as I bid you."

"If it suits me!" answered the boy, saucily.

"It will be made to do that, never fear, whether you like it or not. Stand there, sir, by the window, and be silent and motionless until I speak to you again."

The boy looked up at him, and it was clear, by the expression in his eloquent eyes, that his mind was racing over all kinds of ground that would afford him some explanation of this strange gentleman's behavior, but as the gentleman turned with an offended look abruptly from him, he felt an inward, though incomprehensible, compulsion to obey him; but he calmly whistled an air in vogue among the jockeys, and bending out of the window, he leaned with his elbows on the sill, looking out for some one beneath the window to hold a lively conversation with.

The gentleman regarded him for a few minutes thoughtfully, and in silence. Then a deep sigh broke from him, and he directed his gaze on the woman. After he had scrutinized her features, he said:

"I remember that a lady with whom I was acquainted some years back had a maid whom she called Lavender."

"Sweet Lavender," ejaculated the woman, with a curling lip.

"Aye, Sweet Lavender. Are you she?"

"I am."

"Her name I believe, was Talbot."

Lavender laughed scornfully.

"You believe! You have good cause, I think, to know it," she returned.

He gazed searchingly at her face.

"What is my name?" he asked, abruptly.

"What it may be now I cannot say," she returned, in a meaning tone. "It was years ago Mr. Vivian Templemore."

Again he looked at her questioningly; and after a brief pause, he proceeded.

"I go back to those days, but I do not recall one event in which you took part. I do not fancy that I ever saw you, although I heard of you."

"Frequently?"

"And frequently."

"I knew you well enough—saw you often enough."

"When? Where?"

"At times when there were clandestine meetings, when it was never dreamed that I or any one interested—at least in her—were near. But, mostly, I saw your face to remember it by a photograph set in a locket; worn at one time concealed in the neck of a dress, afterwards tossed carelessly on a table, or lying loose in a drawer, when there was another of a fair young man with a straw-colored moustache to take its place."

A growl of rage and hate burst from his lips, and he paced the room like a chafing tiger.

Soon he paused abruptly.

"What knew you about me and *her*?" he asked.

"Much."

"Of the relations that subsisted between us?"

"Only what I suspected."

"And that——"

"That there had been a secret marriage between you."

"And a child born——"

"I did not know that. I found that out by an extraordinary coincidence afterwards. But, then, what is to be will be!"

"When did you leave her, and why?"

"I did not leave her—she left me. She sent me into the country, and then she disappeared from England: eloped with the straw-colored moustache."

"Stay a moment—not so fast. When did you see her last?"

"A day or two after a very strange circumstance happened."

"Connected with me?"

"I don't know. She had been very restless all one day, expecting a letter. It came. I gave it to her. She sent me from the room, but I watched her through the keyhole. She became wild with excitement as she read it. When night came on she went out alone, closely muffled up. I followed her to a house, which she entered."

"In Simmonds Inn?"

"Yes; that was the place."

"You saw her come forth again. How?"

"Whiter than a winding sheet, with eyes starting out of her head. She ran through by-streets like a scared rabbit. All night, after she went to bed, she lay like one dead; but she rose up again next day like a spectre from the grave. Then she laid a plan by which she got me down to the country. After that she disappeared, as I have told you, and I was dismissed."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"No; but I heard she was married to a man who was very rich, and they were living abroad."

"Under what name?"

"I did not learn that. It was a fellow servant of mine who came across her in some out-of-the-way place in Italy. But I believe I know what it is if she has not changed it again."

"How do you know it?"

"Easy enough. In the weakness which followed the sleeping draught she took she was less sharp in locking up her secrets. I found the letter which so agitated her, and which spoke of her marriage with the fair man with the straw moustache, and he signed it with his name."

"Have you got that letter?" he demanded, with impetuous eagerness.

"I have," she responded, screwing up her eyes, and giving a hard expression to her face. "I knew it would come in handy one of these days."

"I must have it."

"Perhaps. I do not part with it to be tossed off again like an old shoe. It will be as useful to me as to you if, as I fancy, you married her first, and that boy is yours."

"I must have that letter; but you will be too useful to me to part with until I have fulfilled the task I have set myself. And when that is done I will settle upon you a competency for life."

"You have been a long time making a sign. Heaven knows I have kept a sharp look out for you, but all my hunting was in vain, and you suddenly dropped on me like a stone from the sky."

"For three years I lay oscillating between life and death, and as yet I am not recovered from a tremendous attack of blood poisoning; but I shall recover all my strength, and—— That, however, for the future. How did you get hold of that boy at the window?"

She lowered her voice.

"After my return to London, and I had got another situation—it might have been two years or more—an aunt of mine named Trollope was taken ill. She sent for me. I found her on her death-bed. She showed me the boy, and told me that she had had him left on her hands for a couple of years, and could not find out what had become of his father, whose name was Templemore. I recognized his face as being like Leo's, and I remembered the name. When my aunt died, she left me a small sum, so I came back to live at home, and I brought him with me. I was quite sure that something would turn up about him one of these days that would bring me luck and revenge."

"Your prophecy will prove correct. But that letter. I must have it."

"I will not part with it yet awhile."

"Let me see it."

"You must come back to the cottage."

"Lead on. Don't lose a moment, for I have important business on hand."

Mary Lavender called to Leo to accompany her back to the cottage, and with a light, saucy laugh, but with a smart touch of his finger to the peak of his cap, he darted out of the room and reached the cottage first.

It took Mary Lavender but a few minutes to obtain the letter she had spoken of, and to place it in Templemore's hands for perusal. He had no sooner seen the name signed at the bottom than he started, and cried, excitedly—

"It is he! It must be! I know the brainless idiot well. And they are in England again—within my very grasp!"

He turned to Mary Lavender, and gave her back the letter.

"Preserve it as you would your life. Woman, this prize of ours is within call. For that boy, keep him—as he is. Not better—worse. Drag him, kick him through life. Make him a whelp, a dog, a gallow's bird. Here is a bank note as an earnest of my favor. Be true to me, and I'll make your fortune. Heavens! that revenge should be so near to me, and at such a time. You shall hear from me within a week."

He turned, and hastened away from the cottage, bidding old Tate to follow him instantly.

The old man, encased in a long drab coat, ornamented with huge pearl buttons, took up a postilion's whip, and settled his large, white, shining beaver with its inner brim of green lining, rather "shofully" over his left ear and above his right eyebrow. Assuming an air of importance, he toddled his bow-legs down the path, and as he reached the gate, he felt a dull, heavy thud in the region of his immense white hat, and he saw it borne with swift impetus a dozen yards before him in close company with a large root of grass and mould.

He turned in a convulsion of rage to see the boy Leo dancing about like a frantic Fibbertigibbet, mad with delight, and screeching with laughter.

As a cataract of profane observations commenced descending from his lips he beheld his daughter, Mary Lavender, deliver across the boy's shoulder a swishing lash with a gentleman's riding whip.

He saw the boy swing round to her, and glare at her with an expression on his livid countenance which made the old man's soft, yellow brown hair bristle straight out as if electrified.

He heard him screech out like a wildcat, as he cried—

"Do that again, and I'll murder you!"

Cold to the finger tips, vibrating about the nape of the neck, and feeling an imperious necessity for a "drop o' rum," the old man recovered his giant hat and trotted away, muttering:

"Lord! Lord! That boy will come to a bad end!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DOUBLE SECRET.

Within a spacious sitting room of a great hotel in the West-end of London lounged, in a large leather easy chair, a gentleman.

The room was very richly furnished, indicating that he was a guest of means, as he occupied a suit of the handsomest apartments in the gigantic building, and the look-out was down a broad thoroughfare lined with splendid mansions, and intercepted more than a quarter of a mile distant by a belt of umbrageous

trees. Open carriages and broughams whirled to and fro; and, a prominent object in nearly the centre of this great place, a mounted troop of Life Guards moved slowly in procession down the spacious roadway, the sunbeams gleaming and coruscating upon their brightly polished helmets and cuirasses.

Upon the gentleman, however, the incidents occurring in the wide avenue before him were wholly lost, for his eye was fixed and glassy in its expression, and it was plain that he beheld objects only which were passing in procession before his mental vision.

He looked about thirty; his fair hair was parted in the centre, and his moustache and whiskers were of the Dundreary order; he was faultlessly attired in the latest fashion, and had all the understood characteristics of an exquisite of the first water, but there were lines about the corners of his eyes and mouth which indicated that those who measured him up as a puppy and a fool were wrong in their calculation. He was shallow in some things, but he was cunning in most. At least, such was his own impression, and the belief, as a rule, had formed through life the basis of his proceedings. He played restlessly with his moustache, pulling the hair with an incessant movement between his thumb and finger.

"Ten years! Only ten years! It is no more, and it seems as many centuries to me," he murmured, audibly. "Ten! Ah!—a thousand years since that gray dawn when a foreign land looming up in the sea haze caught my eyes, and appeared to haul down from my brain that crushing load of horror and apprehension, which compressed it so terribly, and fling it at my feet. How I kicked it from me, wild with delight, only to find the burden back again when the night fell, and I tried to woo sleep—a dreamless sleep."

He passed his white, jeweled fingers over his hot forehead twice or thrice, and then resumed the dragging at his moustache.

"Dead—drowned! Mine the hand that hurled her into the deep water. Ugh! if I could only banish from my eyes the white face as the water circled over it when it was sinking down! If I could only have realized then how much I really loved her; but I was then the unluckiest devil alive; it was my rotten luck not to have known the fortune which had befallen me until too late. Poor Floye! your luck was dead out too, and the baby, the little miserable infant—mine—my only child—I wonder what its fate—whether it died on that doorstep before it was discovered. I shouldn't be surprised, and I am down for murder number two. Ugh! how my throat burns. Poor Floye! it was your own fault. I never meant to do that."

He sighed deeply twice or thrice, and presently thrust his hand into the deepest recesses of an inner pocket in his vest. From it he produced a faded, violet-quilted satin wallet, and out of a compartment he drew a photograph, and gazed at it.

It was the portrait of a young and beautiful girl, the features lit up with a singularly sweet, though slightly pensive smile.

"Wonderfully like her!" he muttered, as he gazed steadfastly, but with humid eyes, upon it. "Just her pretty smile, poor girl. I wonder was she found, and what the verdict was. I must try and find that out. And baby, too—I will most assuredly look her up. This may help me to recognize her. No doubt she resembles her mother, and by this photo I shall——"

It disappeared from his fingers at this moment with the swiftness and suddenness of lightning.

It had been snatched from him. He leaped to his feet, and, with an oath, turned to behold, close enough to touch, a lady, whose pale features now disclosed a faint tinge of scarlet on the cheek-bones, and whose brilliant dark eyes sparkled with more than ten times their usual brilliancy.

There was a malevolent, dangerous expression on her clear olive face, which would have troubled some natures to have seen; but his face and brow were flushed vermillion, and his eyes danced and glittered with passionate rage. He disclosed his white teeth as, extending his hand, he demanded, in a peremptory tone—

"Lao, give me back that photograph!"

But she frowned viciously, and set her teeth resolutely.

"No," she presently ejaculated, with slow deliberation. "No, I shall not part with it. I have long suspected this. I have watched patiently for it, and I have it. I will not part with it."

"Give it me back!" he repeated, passionately. Give it me, or——"

"You will do murder. Is that it?" she demanded, with a laugh that chilled him.

He shrank from her. The blow had struck home, though she knew it not then.

She removed her burning eyes from his as he slowly recoiled, and turned them on the photograph.

A bitter, scornful, and yet a savage smile curled her lips.

"So," she murmured, "young, fair, lovely, and with the affected simper these blonde fools practise so much. The vignette is a good one. I shall not forget my rival's face. I must search her out. It is right we should know each other, and that she should hear a truth it is needful for her to know, however unwelcome."

"You may spare your labor," he ejaculated, gutturally and grimly.

"May I? Thanks! But I will not! I will track her—hunt her down. And when I have caught her—when I stand face to face with her——"

"Woman, you never will!" he interrupted, with a mad stamp of his foot.

She waved her hand imperiously.

"You cannot—you shall not prevent me," she returned, her features growing more rigid and her complexion more deathly.

"I repeat, woman, never! never! never!" he almost shrieked.

She gazed at him with something like amazement at first, then she made again an impatient gesture with her hand.

"You do not know what I can do when I will to do it," she responded. "I have unearthed your secret. Do you fancy I will let it slip through my fingers now? Faithless and perjured!"

"Hold!" he cried, in a startling voice; "do not you toy with those words. Listen! You have my secret. She has been—is my secret. But, Lao, she is dead."

"Dead!" she echoed, with a gasp; and yet a look of incredulity passed from her eyes until she saw the terrible expression which had taken possession of his features.

"Dead!" he iterated, passionately. "Dead! Died days only before I entered upon these bonds which you so often playfully revert to as being stronger than steel manacles."

A curious, indescribable change passed over her lineaments, while her eyes scanned his features with a searching gaze.

Dead!

Only days before their marriage!

A horrible memory was brought with agonizing vividness to her mind by this statement.

And this memory for the moment held her silent—speechless—motionless.

But she saw him dip his fingers into a compartment of a faded violet satin wallet, and bring forth another photograph.

And she heard him say, with a contemptuous, mocking laugh:

"Faithless and perjured!"

He held up the photograph, which this time was that of a man, before her eyes.

"Do you know it?" he interrogated, sternly.

A low screech was extorted from her, and she recoiled a pace or two.

He started, and drew nearer to her.

"You *do* know it, do you not?" he cried, roughly.

For a moment she seemed paleied, and her complexion changed to an ashen gray.

But her bright dark eyes ran rapidly over his features.

What did *he* know of it? What? How much? What *could* he know? It was a tremendous effort to recover her self-possession; but she made it, and to a degree succeeded.

"You will not disown it, surely," he said, with a derisive curl of his lip. "Why, I have seen you bow over it, heard you apostrophize it in low murmurs, and press your faithful lips to it."

"Never!" she exclaimed, with a burst of anger.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"My eyes were not unfaithful to me," he subjoined. "I saw you do it. Do you deny him?"

He again held the photograph so that the features were but too distinctly visible to her, and for the moment he thought she would fall forward upon her face stark and dead.

Then, his lips raised so as to show his upper row of teeth, and with a forced laugh, he added:

"This, I presume, is your secret?"

She drew a long, deep breath. Slowly her bloodless lips parted, and in a voice which thrilled him from the crown of his head to his heels, she answered:

"It *is* my secret!"

He turned from her and walked to the window, and looked up at the sky for an instant, then he returned to her, and said, in his previous tone of mockery:

"It is my turn now. I have imprinted my rival's face upon my memory. Shall I search him out, track him out, hunt him down, and when face to face——"

"Hold!" she cried, in a voice which at once silenced him; and then, in a tone which curdled his blood, she proceeded, "He, too, is dead—dead—dead! Died *only days* before those fetters were riveted which join us together, and must now hold us each to the other more tightly still."

He was icecold to the finger tips, and felt as if he had been deprived of every faculty but thought. What did she seek to convey by the remark, even though it was an echo of his own?

When he spoke of the death of Floye, he intended that Lao should believe she had died from natural causes, although he confessed to himself that when he saw poor Floye struggling in the bleak waters murder was uppermost in his thoughts; but he had no conception that any such impression should obtain in his wife's mind.

Did she wish him to suppose that the original of the portrait he held in his hand had perished from natural causes, or——

His teeth involuntarily chattered.

He knew he had separated himself, and how he had separated himself, from Floye to marry the woman before him because he believed her to be wealthy, though in that matter she had turned out to be a mere fraud, and now it flashed through his brain that she knew of his inheritance before their marriage—before even he had heard of it himself.

This man—her secret—had died a few days before their clandestine union, the details of which she had planned exclusively—died conveniently, but how? Had she, too, done murder to become free?

A cold, dark perspiration exuded from every pore of his skin.

He turned his eyes upon her as he might have upon a Satanic phantom angel, for, standing rigid as a statue, paler than a spirit, she looked superhumanly beautiful. Yet a demon incarnate.

A spirit of evil, to whom he was chained for the remainder of his existence.

It might have been that his features betrayed his thought to her, for a quiet smile of triumphant scorn passed over her handsome features.

Then she slowly turned her eyes upon the photograph of Floye, and examined the young and lovely face attentively.

Abruptly, and in a way to startle him, she uplifted her long black eyelashes, and turning her intense deep eyes on his with a sudden glare as she pointed to the portrait she still held, said:

"Dead! How?"

His heart leaped into his mouth, and he partly averted his head.

In a low tone, he replied:

"Drowned!"

She responded with a laugh that smote him as if it had been a steel lash. He spun round to her to retort, but there was something in her stony complacency which sent his exclamation back down his throat unuttered.

Almost instantly the spirit of retaliation stirred him anew, and extending the photograph of the man towards her, he asked, hoarsely:

"Dead! How?"

She brought her cold, now impassive, face closer to his, and looked into his eyes with a steadfast gaze, which seemed to pin him to the spot; and she parted her colorless lips with a smile which made his flesh crawl, as she whispered, with a sibilant sound:

"Poisoned!"

He was answered—he could ask no more. He staggered to a chair, and sinking down upon it covered his eyes with his hands.

He measured not the time, yet it seemed that moments only had elapsed when he heard her soft, silvery accents, used by her in moments of endearment to him, murmuring in his ear.

"Harcourt!" she exclaimed, quite playfully.

He jumped to his feet and confronted her. He saw that her composure and self-possession were quite restored, and that a really bewitching smile animated her features as though her brain could not hold one horrible reminiscence.

It was not in his power to change so easily, and he looked sternly at her use of his name.

"Lao, you," she pursued, as he remained silent, "we have exchanged confidences, and I presume have dissipated what must in future be groundless suspicions. Let us conclude the unpleasant matter by exchanging photographs."

A gleam flashed from his eyes, but he did not reply.

"No?" she proceeded, with a laugh that grated most painfully on his ear. "What, not take back the pretty face, to moan useless regrets and sigh over. Do not fear that I shall again be troubled by your *arrieres pensee* who was so unfortunately—accidentally, but so timely, drowned."

He gnashed his teeth and thrust out the portrait he gripped between finger and thumb towards her.

"You, too, wish this back, that you may mourn the man whom you——"

"Halt there!" she cried, quickly and sharply. "Beware what you say—think what you will. One day you may know more; but until that day I will take possession of this."

As a hawk swoops down on a sparrow—nay, with a far quicker movement—she whipped the photograph out of his hand, and thrust it into the bosom of her dress. Then she flung down the portrait of poor Floye, and placed her heel upon it, uttering a shrill, discordant laugh.

"After all," she exclaimed, as she moved with a queenly step towards the inner chamber from which she had noiselessly and unseen emerged, "I am rather glad of this little episode, Harcourt. It places us on more equal terms, and may lend a comfort and happiness to our future, which but for the interchange of our secrets we might have never known. *Au revoir*, little boy!"

She turned her back to him, so that he did not perceive the expression of mingled hate and scorn which suddenly overspread her features, and she closed the door behind her with a loud noise.

But her countenance did not betray a greater concentration of loathing and wrathful bitterness than his, and he hurried after her with closed fists, to say something no less significant than her utterances; but his eye caught sight of the photograph lying on the carpet where Lao had cast it.

He lifted it up, and wiped it carefully with his highly-scented cambric handkerchief. He gazed long and earnestly at it, and then with a groan pressed it to his lips.

"If our interview had only been delayed for a few days all would have been right; if—— Curse these ifs! What is to be done? If she should not have been drowned after all? Whengh! What a nut would be cracked there. I will find that out—I must. I cannot rest until I do. And the baby. I know where that is—at least, where I left it, and the plan will be to find her out first. Let me see; I made a memorandum of the place, and have kept it carefully."

He reproduced the violet wallet which he had placed in his pocket, and brought forth from it the memorandum to which he had alluded.

He examined it attentively, and passed his cambric handkerchief over his forehead, as if a flush of moist heat had invaded it, and inhaled its perfume as if he had been attacked by a momentary faintness.

"'A gift from heaven,'" he presently muttered. "Truly such, for she was a lovely little creature, too innocent, too pure for my lips to profane."

There was a sudden glistening of his eyes, but he impatiently brushed his eyelashes, and ejaculated, "Pshaw!" and went on with his perusal of the paper.

"Leave village," he repeated to himself, "in the rear; roadway over a cliff diverges into a hollow; on the right near the crest old church and parsonage—small affairs. I remember them as if I was there but yesterday. Deuced long way off; yet, what cannot be accomplished by a strong resolution in a week? Jehovah! what did I do in a week? Lao must spare me a week. She will with unspeakable bliss, for though she dare not own it to me, she entertains as much affection for me as if I were a reptile; and I——Ah, let us wait and see what my journey brings forth."

That same evening, after dinner, as they quitted the table and proceeded to the opera, he said, in a careless, indifferent tone, as if it were a matter of little moment:

"By the way, Lao, I received to-day from my solicitors the particulars of the estate to be sold—St. Ishmael's Mount, in North Devon. I think it will just suit us for a summer residence. I shall leave London to-morrow morning to look over it."

Her dark eyes lifted themselves to his with a rapid flash. She scrutinized his features with an eager inspection. They were as rigid as those of a mask.

"North Devon," she repeated, slowly. "It is a long way from town, Harcourt."

"Over two hundred miles; but the place, I am advised, is a great bargain. Will need a little time spent in going over it."

Again there was a searching perusal of his features, but to her they were, in hunting phrase, "drawn blank."

"He has a hidden purpose," she thought, quickly, "or his shallow nature would have blared out the truth. How long will it occupy you, Harcourt?" she asked, in a voice as carelessly indifferent as his own.

"A week, at least."

She slightly raised her white shoulders.

"I shall be inconsolable," she murmured, and turned from him with a smile upon her lips.

That night, during the performance of Verdi's beautiful opera, "Il Traviata," he detected an involuntary movement on the part of Lao, and heard a little cry of surprise from her lips. Involuntarily he followed the direction of her eyes, and saw, standing in front of a private box, at no great distance from him, a tall man, with an aristocratic presence.

He recognized him at once. He was an officer in the 1st Life Guards, whom they had met in the *salons* of an Italian count at Rome. He was an undoubtedly handsome man, and had the reputation of being a libertine. As his attentions to Lao almost immediately after the introduction became pointed, and, as she remarked, not flattering to her, they observed a cold, repellent politeness to him when he rather tried to force his company on them, and shortly afterwards left the Eternal City for an extended tour of the Italian States, and thence to England.

Harcourt observed him direct his lorgnette at Lao, and then he bent in a slow, deliberate way to her.

From the corner of his eyelid he glanced at her, and saw that she acknowledged the salute with the faintest movement of her head.

He remained silent, expecting to hear her say, with a tone of cold dislike, "Colonel de Rougemont!" but she remained silent too.

Again he glanced furtively at her, and to his surprise beheld a rapid flush of scarlet mount to her cheeks and forehead, and disappear as swiftly. It was followed by a gleam of exultation in her eyes as some hidden gratulatory idea swept through her brain.

He was hot and cold as momentarily.

"I am not jealous," he thought. "Jealous of her—of her? Pah! But I will know on what ground I am standing."

Lao did not mention the name of Colonel de Rougemont that night, nor did he—not even the next morning, when he took a cold farewell of her on pretence of proceeding to inspect the property advertised for sale in North Devon; but he left secret instructions with his man to keep a register of all the places Mrs Harcourt visited during his absence, and of the names of all persons who called upon her, although he understood that she proposed seeing nobody until they entered the world again.

"If I should have but a fragment of confirmation for the suspicions that have begun to annoy me," he said to himself, closing his fingers tightly, and shaking his fist at her imaginary form as he quitted the hotel for the railway, "beware!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A JOKE IN A PALACE.

Among the artists of celebrity belonging to London in the last century was Biachi Rebecca, who was famous for his eccentricity and tricks of deception in painting. He was a great favorite with the king, and many amusing anecdotes are extant concerning him; he was indeed a kind of modern court jester. One of his tricks at the palace, as it concerned a piece of furniture, may interest our readers.

In one of the public apartments at Windsor two pier glasses of dimensions then regarded as extraordinary, being the largest that up to that time had been cast in any British factory, had been newly put up. To all the male and female domestics who occasionally were appointed to show the state apartments solemn injunction had been given to be specially careful in guarding them from the remotest chance of injury, so much were they thought of, and so highly were they valued.

Just before these rooms were opened, on one of the mornings appointed for the admission of the public, then specially attracted by the fame of these wonderful pier-glasses, Rebecca by stealth obtained admission to them, and, taking a wax candle, drew on each an artificial fracture, beginning from the centre of both, and throwing out radiating lines with the most realistic effect.

The chief showman, whose appointment was immediately under the lady housekeeper, entering, *ex-officio*, shortly after, to see that all was in order, caught sight of the supposed fracture, and uttered a cry of horror and dismay, which at once brought the housemaids from the adjoining rooms, where they had been busy with their dusters and broom.

"Which of you devils did this?" cried he, savagely, pointing to the pier-glass which had first attracted his attention.

The women stared at the supposed damage, dumb with fright.

"Now, it's no use denying it. What could you have been at? What will Lady —— say, do you think, when she sees it?"

"La! how shocking!" exclaimed one.

"Oh, how unfortunate!" cried another.

And then, in a breath, they all cried out, indignantly:

"You can't lay it to me, remember!"

A fiery scene ensued, in the midst of which a loud scream burst forth, and a female voice, crying:

"Why the other's broken, too!"

"We shall all be discharged for certain," cried one maid, wiping her tears away with the duster. And "That's flat," echoed another dismal voice.

They all stood pale as death, when, lo! His Majesty entered from the Queen's staircase.

The chief showman's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and the maidens looked to the ground, trembling and speechless. At length the former advanced, bowed, twisted his hands together like one in agony, and, gasping, pointed, in true tragedy style, first to the glass at one end of the room, and then at the other.

His Majesty looked at one, then at the other, frowned, said nothing, and hurriedly left the room.

The news of the calamity spread through the royal establishment like wild-fire—the very walls had tongues. The smash reached the ears of the lady housekeeper, who was at her toilet. Aghast, she left her mirror and hurried to the wreck of the mighty mirrors of majesty. Her grief and horror were terrible to witness, and she hurried to the Queen.

Directly after her departure, in stole the prankish painter, and, with a damp sponge and a dry dolly, he wiped the awful fractures clean out.

Presently, in solemn conclave met the King, the Queen and the royal family, the lady housekeeper, the lords in waiting, the equerries and the pages, all anxious to witness the fearful fractures; one of the latter, an ancient one, declaring in a whisper that in all his "born days," until that "present blessed moment," he had "never heard of such a thing!"

But who shall describe the astonishment of the group of great ones when, all being prepared for condoling comments and exclamations suited to the tragic nature of such a strange occurrence—lo! each of the magnificent plates of glass was found—whole!

Such is the story told by contemporary personages of the two first really large sheets of plate-glass silvered in Great Britain.

FIVE of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath; Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

THE darkest cloud which overshadows human life may often appear the brightest to the angels who watch over us from heaven.

## FACETIÆ.

THE best pocket companion is a full purse.

TO KILL TIME.—Take a horse and sleigh it.

NEVER waste your time; waste somebody else's.

QUESTION FOR FLORISTS.—Is not a rich mandarin a China Aster?

WHY is the world like a plush? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

"RAISING THE WIND" is now called, more classically, "Exciting the financial Æolus."

A FLIRT is a fool, who delights in fooling fools, and the fool who is fooled by such a fool is the foolishest kind of a fool.

CON. FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.—Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold.

THIS conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If S-i-n-g-e-r spells sing, and e-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells side, why doesn't s-i-d-e-i-s-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?

"How long will my chop be, waiter?" angrily asked a hungry man in a restaurant.

"About five inches, sir," was the accurate reply.

"SALLY, what have you done with the cream? These children cannot eat skimmilk for breakfast."

"Sure, ma'am, it isn't mesel' that would be after giving the scum to yez. I tuk that and gave it to the cats."

"How's your husband, Mrs. Dolkins?"

"Well, sor, it's oncertain. The doctor says if he lives till morning, faith he shall have some hopes of him; but if he doesn't he's afraid, sor, he'll have to give him up."

SMITH, the poet laureate, has beaten every one who wrote of the seasons before. He has got the four seasons into four lines, for which he charged four dollars. This is the poem:

"First comes the sneeze,
Then comes the pease,
Then comes the fleas,
Then it begins to freeze."

"DEAR GEORGE, how sweet and wavy that wheat is!" exclaimed a fair young lady, looking languidly from a car window.

"Yes, love, how beautiful!" says dear George, more intent on insinuating his arm around a twenty-four bone corset; "how like a—a—how like a dweam!"

"How like oats!" retorted a disgusted Granger; "them's oats, young man."

A PROMINENT citizen on Nelson street, who is the proud possessor of a handsome daughter, went home to tea, the other evening, and said to his wife:

"Mother, I have finally succeeded in my petition for a street lamp on our street, and it is going to be set directly in front of our gate."

A sudden scream and a heavy fall sounded from the next room. The affrighted parents rushed in there. Their daughter lay prostrate on the floor. She had fainted.

## OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

### CHARADES.

1.

My first and second when combined
Is called the opposite of mind;
My next an instrument of sound;
With animals 'tis also found.
If you are fond of ice and snow,
Then to my whole pray straightway go;
But I believe that you will stop
Before you halfway reach the top!

FORT TOTTEN.

2.

I will do my best to explain to you
My first; those who are it are very few;
Tho' to be afflicted is man's sad lot,
I'm very glad that I my first am not.
If this you read from first to last again,
My second will appear to you quite plain;
My third's a peculiar kind of leather,
Tho' I don't think 'twould stand dirty weather.
Now if all my three you can only name
You'll find it's a very amusing game.

### DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Seven letters in each).

A consonant; a tatter; ship of war made smaller; an animal; a sweetmeat; a male name; one fifth of eight; an abbreviated title; a twig; delightful; divinity; a fish; a consonant.

MARTIN J. SHEEDY.

### REBUS.

From that that's odd remove a part,
And it will even be;
Again a part remove, and thus
A time of day you'll see,
Or lady's name that you must show,
If you this task would rightly do.

C. B. GILBERT.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 46.]

**Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 40, Vol. 34.**

CHARADE.—Hare-Bell.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE—

H E R O D
H E L O T
B Y R O N
S E T O N
E L L E N
HERON and DOREE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE—

G
B I G
B O L U S
G I L B L A S
G U L L Y
S A Y
S
S O D
S A L A D
S O L D I E R
D A I S Y
D E Y
R

LOGOGRIPH—Stage, Gate, Tea.

PUZZLE—"Four large rivers in different parts of the world."

FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED—Peppermint, Currant, Dock, Fly-trap, Houseleek, Iceland Moss, Lotus, Water Lily, Stone-crop, Sage, Palm and Mallow.

### MY ALBUM.

BY RICHARD ROBINSON.

Here I see familiar faces
Ranged together side by side,
Occupying Friendship's places
Treasured with Affection's pride.

Kith and kin, and dead and living,
Grave and gay, and youth and age,
Love-selected, life reflected,
Life-like on each hallowed page.

How the Past invests the Present
With its memories as I bend,
Gazing on the features pleasant
Of each old, familiar friend.

Some in lands across the ocean,
Exile-like, are doomed to roam;
Others, with a fond devotion,
Linger still in Childhood's home.

And my spirit feels a pleasure
And a pride naught can excel,
In possessing this one treasure
Of the friends I love so well.

# GATHERING TO DOOM!

## A Romance of Philadelphia.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 22, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVI [CONTINUED].

It was not far from the hour of noon; and it so chanced that Pat, having nothing better to do, had just come home to get his dinner. The officer, leaving Stanhope and the Jew in the carriage, knocked at the door, and Pat himself opened it, looking as innocent as it was in the nature of things for so mean a little man to look. He recognized the officer with a smile; for the presence of one of his profession, so far from giving him the least alarm, excited some brilliant anticipations of a clever undertaking, in which he himself might probably figure as the "dread constabble of the law."

"The top of the morning to ye, Misther Barlow, if it's not too late for that same," he said. "And sure it's taking a ride ye is, in style, jist," he added, glancing at the carriage.

"Yes; and a fine day for a ride it is, Mr. Cafferty," replied Barlow. "I would like you to come with me."

"Arrah, now! and it's mesilf as was t'inking that same, so I was. It's wanting me sarvices ye is, Misther Barlow?"

And he winked knowingly.

"Exactly so."

"It's me dinner time, so it is; but it's mesilf as'll not mind that now. I'll git me hat, jist; and lave the owld woman and childers to spile the praties, so I will."

He hastened for his hat; and the next minute entered the carriage, followed by Officer Barlow.

"Agh!" said Pat, as his eye fell on the Jew peddler; "so it's yersilf, is it, that's the tief now? Och! sure and wasn't it knowing, I was, ye'd come to this at last, ye vagabond!"

"You ish more tiefs ash me!" replied the peddler, indignantly.

"Shut up now, ye spalpeen!" cried Pat, savagely. "Sure and it's down below ye'll be afther going, for yer insults to mesilf, the dread constabble of the law, whilst doing me duthy to me country, so ye will!"

"Stop!" said Barlow; "I will have no quarreling here. We shall soon see who is the thief."

Pat Cafferty leaned proudly back on his seat, and looked triumphantly at the peddler, as much as to say:

"D'ye hear that now, ye spalpeen?"

Arrived at the magistrate's office, the whole party entered the little room together, Pat Cafferty evidently swelling with importance.

"Good day to your honor," he said, making what he considered a very dignified bow.

"Good day, Patrick," replied the alderman. And then immediately added: "This is a very serious charge against you, sir."

Pat turned pale, and looked inquiringly at Barlow.

"You are under arrest," said that officer; "and here is the warrant for your apprehension."

"You are accused," pursued the magistrate, "of feloniously taking these jewels from the house of Walter Clendennan."

And he displayed to the astonished gaze of Pat Cafferty the necklace of Rosalind.

"And sure, your honor, who accuses mesilf of that same?" faltered Pat, beginning to grow much alarmed.

"This gentleman, Dr. Stanhope, has made oath that this necklace, with much other valuable property, was feloniously taken in the night from the house of the person named; and Mr. Isaacs here, a peddler, has also made oath that he purchased it from you some three weeks ago."

"He's a Jew, your honor, and a dape liar, so he is," rejoined Pat, with a half resolve to brave it out.

"That may be," said the alderman, "but his testimony is good for the present; and, in the meantime, I must hold you to answer to the charge."

"Will your honor permit me to say a few words to Mr. Cafferty?" now inquired Stanhope.

"Certainly, sir; certainly."

"Mr. Cafferty," said the physician, addressing the constable, "I do not know whether you are guilty are not, but one thing is certain, these valuable jewels were feloniously taken from the house of Mr. Clendennan, as his honor has informed you; and I will add, what his honor has not told you, that a little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, who was living with the family at the time, has ever since been missing, and it is supposed she has been murdered; and as these jewels may lead to the detection of a burglar, if not a homicide, and also to the clearing up of a terrible mystery, you see how important it is that we should trace them to the hand which took them. Now, if you, which is not unreasonable to suppose, received them from some person, not knowing them to be stolen property, you will probably clear yourself, and further the ends of justice, by stating from whom you got them. Do not think," he added, as he saw the constable hesitate, "that this affair will blow over lightly, for it involves the fate of a child who has wealthy friends, and now that we are on the right track, no time nor money will be spared in the investigation of the mystery, until her fate shall be known."

"And sure, and what's her name, jist?" inquired Pat, scratching his head, and looking a good deal perplexed.

"Ellen Norbury," answered Stanhope.

"Och! sure, and she's the tief herself, jist!" cried Pat, thrown off his guard.

"Impossible!" said Stanhope.

"Troth! and it's thrue, now, so it is!"

"How do you know?"

"Agh! and wasn't it mesilf as arriated the likes of her, I'm asking? and didn't I tak her down below, now?"

"Is she alive, and in prison?" cried Stanhope, breathless with excitement.

"Sure, and she is that same."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the other, fervently: "at last the poor child is found."

"Then I suppose you received the necklace from the child in question?" said the alderman addressing the constable.

Pat, seeing himself caught on his own confession, turned all sorts of colors—or rather, all shades of one color—and after looking as much meaner than Pat Cafferty in general, as Pat Cafferty in general looked meaner than an honest man, he stammered:

"Sure, your honor—she—she gave it to mesilf—to let her go, jist."

"Which you were too conscientious to do?"

"Yis, your honor—that's it, your honor."

"But you were not too conscientious to receive the property, believing it to be stolen, and dispose of it for your own benefit!" pursued the magistrate, sternly. "Patrick Cafferty, this is a shameful business, and you are a disgrace to your office! I shall hold you in two thousand dollars bail, to answer at court."

"Is it possible, your honor, for me to get this child out of prison at once?" inquired the young physician, anxiously.

"What was the charge against her, Patrick?" demanded the alderman of the constable.

"She was put down for a vagrant, jist, I'm t'inking," answered Pat, dolefully.

"It will be an easy matter, then, to get her released," said the magistrate to Stanhope; and he was about to give him instructions how to proceed, when Mr. Sheldon entered the office.

"Ah! Mr. Sheldon," cried the doctor, joyfully, "you are the very man I want to see."

"Allow me to return the compliment," said Sheldon, with a quiet smile.

"At last I have news of Ellen Norbury."

"Indeed!"

"She is in the Moyamensing prison."

"I know it."

"You have heard, then?"

"I saw her yesterday."

"You did not tell me!"

"I have not seen you since, and I intended an agreeable surprise for you."

"How shall we get her out?"

"I have her discharge in my hand."

"Explain!"

"In visiting the prison, yesterday, I came across a sweet little creature; and you may judge of my surprise, on learning that she was the very one for whom we have been so anxiously searching! This morning, I waited upon the villainous alderman—who committed her for no other crime than poverty—and by paying him his extortions, have obtained her discharge. I am now on my way to set her free."

"Quick, then—let us go—I have a carriage at the door."

"In a moment."

Mr. Sheldon now addressed a few words to the alderman; who answered, "Certainly, certainly, sir!" and immediately placed his signature to a paper which the other handed him.

"Now, then, Dr. Stanhope, I am at your service," said Sheldon; and both hurried from the office.

The Jew was required to find five hundred dollars bail, to appear against Cafferty, which he very readily procured, and went about his business. But the miserable constable was not so fortunate. He wrote to his best friend, alderman McGrabby, telling him how he was situated, and imploring him to come to his release. The alderman came, but not to his release; for on learning the whole particulars, he not only refused to enter the required security, but gave vent to his outraged feelings in a long strain of the most virtuous indignation—enough, in fact, to have lasted any ordinarily moral individual a lifetime.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Swiftly round turned the wheels of the carriage that bore the benevolent Marcus Sheldon and the eager Newton Stanhope to the rescue of the bitterly wronged and innocent little orphan.

"There is one thing that grieves me," said the doctor to his companion, as they rode along. "If this child is innocent, how came she to be arrested with the stolen necklace in her possession?"

Sheldon smiled, as he replied:

"If you knew, my friend, how many droves of officers are prowling about, seeking for victims to fleece, you would hardly be surprised to find as many innocent as guilty persons in their clutches. But rest easy concerning your little friend. I have heard her story; and it is enough for me to say, I would stake my life on her truth, purity and innocence."

Arrived at the prison, the great gates were thrown open, and the carriage slowly entered within the high, massive walls.

"Here are discharges for Ellen Norbury, Nabob Hunchy, and two others," said Mr. Sheldon to one of the prison officers, as he descended from the carriage, and handed several papers to a gentleman standing near. "This way, doctor," he continued; "I know you are anxious to behold the little prisoner."

They hurried from the building they were in across an open garden of beautiful flowers, and, entering the female department, soon stood beside the little orphan. She was seated outside her cell, on one of the long corridors, with some needlework in her hand, upon which, at her own request, she was employing her time, for the benefit of the kind matron who had charge of her. So busily was she engaged, and so abstracted in thought, that Sheldon, Stanhope and the matron drew close to her side before she perceived them. She looked up with a start, and the moment her eyes rested upon the pleasant features of Sheldon, she dropped her work, and sprung to her feet with an exclamation of joy. She looked pale and careworn, but her face and hands were clean, her hair neatly arranged, and her dress was tidy.

"Ellen," said Mr. Sheldon, in a kind, gentle tone, taking her hand in his, "I have succeeded in doing what I said I would. You are now free, and this gentleman has come to take you to your friends, who are very anxious to see you."

"Oh, sir," faltered the little orphan, trembling all over with newly awakened hope and joy, "am I to go and see dear Rosalind?"

"Yes, my dear child," replied Stanhope, quickly; "and you will find her eager to clasp you in her arms and to her heart."

Overcome with joy, little Ellen sunk down on her seat and burst into tears, and it was several minutes before she could recover sufficient composure to prepare for her departure.

"Good-bye, and God bless you," said the matron, with tears in her eyes, as she bestowed an affectionate parting kiss. "If you win all hearts as you have won mine, a happy future awaits you."

"Heaven bless you!" said Stanhope to Sheldon, as they separated at the carriage.

"I feel it does, sir, in every good act I perform," was the characteristic reply of one who still lives and still labors for the good of his fellow-beings.

Ellen leaned back in the carriage, as it whirled through the streets and rolled over the pavements, bearing her from a prison to a palace—from the dark abodes of crime and misery to the bright abodes of innocence and happiness. She sat as one in a trance—speechless, motionless, and pale as a lily. Was she in a dream? Would she awake to new sufferings—new horrors?

We pray, nevermore!

The carriage stopped in the court of Sir Walter's mansion. The door opened, and the beautiful face of Rosalind, like the beautiful face of some angel in a vision, appeared to the view of the sweet little orphan. There was a cry of joy—perhaps more than one—and little Ellen was in the arms of Rosalind—sweet Rosalind — Cousin Rosalind — and she was sobbing on her breast, and their tears were mingling.

And the dream went on.

Hours passed—hours which seemed but minutes—and somehow the once poor, friendless, and persecuted little orphan, found herself seated upon Sir Walter's knee, and relating her own sad tale; and the knight was weeping; and Rosalind was weeping; and there were others weeping; and little Ellen was weeping—though she scarcely knew why, for she felt very, very happy. And all the tears were tears which brought more joy than sorrow to the sympathizing hearts who wept; and there was sunlight in the room.

And still the dream went on.

Days passed—days which seemed but different scenes in the same bright, beautiful dream—days which seemed but links in the same bright chain of happiness; and soft southern breezes kissed the brows of some who had known sorrows; and the bright sun shed beams of joy; and the bright leaves waved; and the bright flowers bloomed; and the sweet birds sung.

And still the dream went on.

Weeks passed—weeks which seemed but days.

And still the dream went on.

Months passed—but months brought a change. The breezes blew cold from the north; and the sun hid his face behind clouds; and the leaves withered; and the flowers died; and the birds departed; and Sir Walter Clendennan "slept with his fathers." Rosalind was now an orphan; but not a lonely orphan, not a friendless orphan. The death-bed of a father was the bridal altar of a daughter; and the knight died happy, blessing his children.

And still the dream went on.

Months passed—and months brought still another change. There was a voyage across mighty waters; and a view of great cities; and strange sights and strange faces, strange manners and strange customs—strange countries and strange languages, gorgeous scenes and gloomy, and a gladsome return.

And still the dream went on.

Months passed—and months brought still another change. And now the poor, despised little orphan was the acknowledged heiress of a princely fortune; and proud mothers bent to kiss her; and proud daughters sought her company; and the fastidious praised her beauty; and the good loved her, and the poor of two countries remembered her in their prayers; for now she held a golden talisman, and could find her way to all hearts.

And still the dream went on—bright and beautiful in the main—darkening a little at times—but with brilliant lights rising over shadows.

Years passed—and years bring us to the present. Ellen Norbury still lives, in the bloom of girlhood—a bright, lovely, angelic being. Her *home* is still with her beloved Cousin Rosalind; and Dr. Stanhope, now eminent in his profession, calls her sister; and little Ellen Stanhope—a bright little girl, with blue eyes and sunny curls—always smiles at her coming, and looks sad at her going forth. Neither time, nor fortune, nor circumstances, have made any change in her gentle disposition; and night and mornings sweet orisons arise, from her grateful and happy heart, to the Throne of Grace. Sunlight falls around her steps—God keep her from shadows!

And so the dream goes on.

THE END.

### COURAGEOUS LAPLAND GIRL.

The skill acquired by these nomade people in throwing the lasso avails them at times in making captives of other animals besides their own deer. On one occasion, when a Lapp, in company with a young female, was driving the herd through the forest, they accidentally roused a large bear from his winter quarters. The girl, very fortunately, had the lasso in her hand, which, with great coolness and skill, she threw over his head as he was slowly quitting his den, and at the same instant coiled the other end to a tree. The brute, on finding himself thus in the toils, dashed at the Amazon; but as she slipped on one side, he fortunately missed his aim, and, on coming to his tether, was, in sailor language, brought up short and thrown to the ground. Bruin's career was soon brought to an end, for, seizing the throng with his paws, and by so doing tightening the noose, he presently managed to strangle himself. The Lapp, on seeing the beast charge the girl, took fright and ran away; and, as the consequence, the bold girl, who was to have been married to him, sent him at once to the right-about, very properly refusing to have anything more to say to so dastardly a fellow.

HAFIZ, the Persian poet, says: "Every man has in his heart a chaplet of eggs, each of which contains a love; in order to make these eggs hatch, it needs only the glance of a woman."

### LIFE'S YEAR.

What do the changing seasons bring?
Full oft the storm will render mute,
And blossoms over-thick for fruit;
Too soft a breeze, too blue a sky,
A day the morrow shall deny;
The fickle, fair, delusive Spring?

What do the flying seasons bring?
The tumult of the thronging sense;
The leaping blood, untamed, intense;
A fire that strikes through heart and brain,
A fierce delight that grows to pain,
And Summer bloom that hides a sting!

What do the passing seasons bring?
Ripe fruit that withers in its prime;
Strong grain that drops at harvest-time;
The splendid colors of decay;
The fever-wasted Autumn day
In its gay mantle shivering!

What do the fleeting seasons bring?
A lifeless desert, pale and vast,
With frozen silence overcast;
Forgotten dreams of long ago,
Buried beneath the winter snow—
And, far beyond a hope of Spring.

### THE SECOND HUSBAND.

Rap! rap!

"Come in," said Maurice Carroll, languidly, from the depths of the easy chair in which he was calmly reading.

"I beg your pardon," said Paul Carter, looking in; "did you say you were engaged?"

"What! Paul!" exclaimed Maurice, rapturously, and seizing Paul by the hand; "is it really you, or your ghost? I haven't seen you for a year. Sit down. What have you been doing with yourself? I hear you have been and got married?"

"I have," said Paul, sighing.

"Hullo!" said Maurice, opening his eyes. "Married life unhappy? Now I come to notice it, you do look rather pale. Jealous of any one?"

"Nonsense!" said Paul, impatiently; "nothing of the kind. My wife is the sweetest little woman you ever set eyes on, and never gives me the least cause for jealousy."

"Violent temper?" hinted Carroll.

"Not at all," said Paul, smiling. "You don't know her; she never is angry."

"Then what is the matter?" demanded Maurice; "for something is. Don't tell me, I know. When a fellow comes in and sighs when he is asked about his wife, something's up. Come, what is it? Unbosom!"

"Well, you know," said Carter, hesitatingly, "my wife, before I married her, was a widow, and her name was Johnson."

"Exactly. Romantic name. Proceed."

"Well, Johnson was a pretty good sort of a fellow, I believe," continued Paul, "though rather humdrum. I don't believe Mary loved him so devotedly while he lived, but now she idolizes him, and reverences his memory, and all that sort of thing."

"Ah, I see!" said Maurice, nodding sagely. "She's always throwing his great worth at your head?"

"Ye-e-s," said Paul, slowly; "that's about it. Continually, holding him up as an example for me to copy from. Not in an angry manner, mind, but in a mildly reproachful tone that is immensely aggravating. I can't stand it any longer."

"Yes; I suppose it does become monotonous after awhile," said Maurice, commiseratingly. "But was the late lamented Johnson such a model of propriety as she represents?"

"It seems so," said Paul, dismally; "and that's the worst of it. As far as I can find out, he never did anything wrong from the day of his birth to the day of his death. If I could only find out any offence he had committed, I might hush her up, but I can't; he never even thought anything wicked."

"H'm!" said Maurice, thoughtfully. "Well, I pity you, and if I can relieve you I will. Take a cigar, and forget Johnson, if you can."

"I can't," groaned Paul, despairingly.

* * * * *

"Paul," said Mrs. Carter, mildly, "have you brought that silk floss I asked for?"

"I—I forgot it, Mary," said Paul, meekly. "How stupid!"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Carter. "Johnson never forgot anything I told him."

Mrs. Carter sighed, and there was a short pause.

"Paul," she said, presently.

"Well?"

"Do you think you can go to the station to meet Mrs. Allway when she comes on her visit to me?"

"I'm afraid not," said Paul, quietly. "My business will not admit of it. I'm really very sorry——"

"Very well," said Mrs. Carter, resignedly, "I'll go myself. But Johnson never allowed his business to interfere with any project for obliging me."

"We can't all be like Johnson," said Paul, a little tartly.

"Very true," said Mrs. Carter, quietly. "The late Mr. Johnson was a very good man."

"Do you suppose he ever did any wrong?" asked Paul, cynically.

"I don't think he ever did," said Mrs. Carter, decidedly. "I'm firmly convinced——"

Here she was interrupted by a ring at the bell.

A middle-aged man was shown into the room, inquiring for Paul.

"Mr. Carter, I believe?" he said, inquiringly.

And, as he spoke, he produced from his coat pocket a bulky note book.

"I am," said Paul, surprised at the man's manner. "Do you wish to see me for anything important?"

"Well," said the stranger, coolly, "that's according to what light you view it in. You see," he went on selecting several slips of paper from his book, "I have here several little bills against the late Mr. Johnson, your wife's former husband."

"Against Mr. Johnson!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter, incredulously. "You must be mistaken; Mr. Johnson left no bills unpaid at his death."

"P'r'aps you think so," said the man, mysteriously, "but you're wrong. Mr. Johnson was an uncommon sly fox, and I reckon you didn't know all of his affairs."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Carter, looking as if she was about to burst into tears.

"This bill," said the man, slowly, disregarding the interruption, "is for cigars, brandy, etc., furnished to the deceased."

"Mr. Johnson never smoked or drank," said the relict of the late lamented, firmly.

"Thirty dollars," continued the relentless stranger. "This is for carriage hire for self and friends during the two months prior to his decease. Twenty-two dollars; this is for a dinner given by Mr. Johnson to a party of his friends."

Mrs. Carter looked aghast during this revelation, while Paul stared helplessly at the man as he continued to draw forth bill after bill.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, as the thirteenth bill was laid on the table before him; "you surely don't expect me to pay for all this?"

"Well, I rather thought," said the man quietly, "that you would prefer to pay these bills and avoid scandal."

"But I won't!" said Paul, excitedly. "I'm not going to ruin myself to pay the debts of a miserable, hypocritical spendthrift."

"Just as you please," said the man, coolly, gathering up the bills and replacing them in his book. "We'll see about that. I dare say there's plenty more coming—bills, I mean. Johnson was a gay man, I can tell you."

"A gay man!" repeated Mrs. Carter, wonderingly.

"Well, well. I am sorry to press these little things, but when one dances they must pay the piper you know."

"Mary," said Paul, when the man had gone, "what do you think of that paragon of yours now?"

Mary's answer was a torrent of tears.

Her idol had been rudely shattered to atoms, and she felt like a ship adrift.

"And I suppose I'll have to pay these bills," said Paul gloomily, "even if we have to live on bread and water for a year!"

* * * * *

"What's the matter now, Paul?" asked Carroll, anxiously, as his friend strolled into his room, with a very downcast visage.

In reply, Paul told him about Johnson's perfidy.

"How does Mrs. Carter take it?" asked Maurice, grinning.

"Very hard," cried Paul, gloomily. "I don't think I'll hear much in the praise of the late husband hereafter."

"I shouldn't think so," said Maurice, laughing.

"It's a great relief," said Paul; "but at a heavy cost."

"Oh, if that's all that troubles you," said Maurice, smiling. "I can relieve you of your anxiety. Behold the bills!" and he thrust a bundle of papers into Paul's hand.

"Why, how did you become possessed of them?" asked Paul, wonderingly.

"Well, the fact is," admitted Maurice, "I wrote them!"

"You?"

"Yes, I. I sent the man—one of my friends, with them. The fact is, I made up that plan. The bills are false, and Johnson, I don't believe, owes any man a shilling."

"Maurice Carroll!" said Paul, sternly, "ain't you ashamed of yourself? You ought to be! However, I forgive you. I won't have to pay those bills."

"Don't tell your wife," said Maurice, pleadingly, "for my sake and your own. Let her believe that you compromised the matter. Come in a month and report proceedings."

A month passed, and Paul met his friend again.

"Well," said Maurice, "I never saw you look better."

"Thanks to your stratagem," replied Paul. "You not only cured my wife of quoting her first, but have made her feel greater respect and consideration for her second husband."

## RECEIPTS
### GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A MIXTURE of pitch and tar laid on hot will protect a wall from dampness.

MIX common whitelead putty with gold size, and you will have a putty which will become as hard as flint, and will take a very smooth surface.

TEN drops of carbolic acid, put in a pint of water; and put in flower-pots, will destroy all the earth-worms which do so much damage to the plants.

LEMON juice, used as a gargle, is said by a French physician to be a specific against diptheria and similar throat troubles, which he has successfully used for eighteen years.

TO RENOVATE WALL PAPER.—Dip a woolen cloth in dry corn meal, and rub the wall paper with it; this will remove the dust and smoke. Pieces of stale bread have the same effect.

IF a handful of common coffee berries are shaken up in a tumbler with a weak solution of caustic potash, snow-white shoots one or two millimetres long appear often within two or three hours.

CLEANING SADDLES, ETC.—The following is a good recipe which will give saddles and bridles a good polish and be entirely free from all stickiness: The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolve in a pint of gin, and put in a common wine bottle, and fill up with water.

ANOTHER CURE FOR WOUNDS.—The best simple remedy for surface wounds, such as cuts, abrasions of the skin, etc., is charcoal. Take a coal from the stove, pulverize it, apply it to the wound, and then cover the whole with a rag. The charcoal absorbs the fluids secreted by the wound, and lays the foundation of the scab; it also prevents the rag from irritating the flesh, and it is antiseptic.

SOME horses have such brittle feet that it is difficult to keep their shoes on. This is often caused by a sudden change from excessive and long-continued wetness to extreme dryness. The best treatment is to rub the soles and shells of the feet with a mixture composed of the following: Tar, two parts; beef suet, two parts; whale oil, for parts; beeswax and honey, one part each; melt over a slow fire, and mix well.

A BRILLIANT WHITEWASH. — Slake clean lumps of well-burned white lime; to five gallons of the wash thus made add a quarter of a pound of whiting, or of burnt alum pulverized, half a pound of loaf sugar, one quart and a half of rice flour made into a thin and well-boiled paste, and half a pound of white glue, dissolved and boiled in water. Apply cold within doors, but warm outside. This will last many years.

TO CLEAN A GUN BARREL. — Wrap clean tow round the cleaning rod. Take a bucket of warm water (soapsuds, if procurable), and run the rod up and down the barrel briskly, till the water is quite black; change the water till it runs quite clear through the nipple; pour boiling hot water (clean) down the barrel, and rub dry with fresh, clean tow. Run a little sweet oil or tow down the barrel, if for use. If to put away, use strong mercurial ointment.

### COCOA PLANTATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY M. R. S. ROSS.

Nothing is more surprising to those who know the West Indies than that so few should visit those beautiful islands for pleasure. Their varied loveliness would well repay a tourist for a little inconvenience from heat and mosquitoes, and a short voyage, which, under ordinary circumstances, is even enjoyable. The wild, richly-wooded mountain scenery is magnificent, the soft green of the cane fields lovely; but surpassing both is the beauty of a cocoa plantation. During a visit to the West Indies I passed some time on one; it was in the mountains, several hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The climate was quite European, the thermometer seldom rising above seventy-six, and very often steady at seventy. I had heard much of the beauty of this estate, but it quite surpassed my expectations. The view from the house was charming. In the distance the deep blue sea, in the valley below the groves of cocoa trees interspersed with cocoanut trees and stately palmistes; here and there a patch of sugar-canes, then a negro-hut peeping from the trees: nothing could be more charming. The immense variety of trees planted to shelter the cocoa renders a cocoa estate unusually interesting and beautiful, and so shady that it is seldom too hot to walk at any hour of the day. The cocoa tree, so often confounded with the cocoanut tree, is about equal to a good sized apple tree; the pod that encases the bean, of which chocolate is made, is something the shape of a lemon, but three times as large and is of a deep orange color—the kind called "Caraccas" cocoa is so deep as to be almost red. The pods grow on the branches and on the stem itself, quite down to the ground. The branches do not grow low, so that in looking down a cocoa piece of ground, the vista is like a miniature forest hung with thousands of golden lamps. Anything more lovely cannot be imagined; it is perfectly unique. After the pods are picked they are cut open with a cutlass; the beans, which are tightly packed together, and from forty to eighty in number, are dried in drawers in the sun, after having gone through a process called "sweating," which is being packed close in a barrel and covered over. When the cocoa is thoroughly dried it is put into bags, each containing one hundred and fifty pounds, and shipped.

Of the trees planted to shelter the cocoa I will describe but a few. The "caracoli," as large as an elm, is planted in rows; it is a splendid evergreen, bearing a sweet white blossom. Among the other very large trees are the breadfruit, the shaddock, and the glorious mango, which is the size of a large horse-chestnut, and it is thickly covered with leaves. The fruit is not unlike an egg-plum in shape, but three times as large, and of a beautiful golden color streaked with red. A tree in full bearing is indeed a sight worth seeing. Of the smaller trees the orange ranks first in beauty and usefulness. It grows to a considerable size, and bears at the same time the delicious blossom, the ripe fruit, and the unripe green. Next comes the nutmeg, which is also of considerable size. It is thickly covered with dark green leaves. The outer covering of the nutmeg looks exactly like a large apricot. When ripe it bursts open, disclosing the brown nutmeg covered with a network of mace of a bright scarlet. It is extremely pretty, unlike anything else. The clove tree also flourishes here; it is a large and pretty tree, covered with clusters of cloves, which are of a delicate pink and white, looking like wax.

Another lovely tree is the Malacca apple. It is much larger and more thickly covered with leaves than an English apple tree, the leaves shining and of a very dark green, the fruit, about the size of a middle-sized apple, of a bright rose color, and when the tree is covered with these the effect is superb; the blossom is also of a beautiful rose color. The fruit is slightly astringent and very refreshing.

I could describe an endless number of trees, shrubs, and plants which flourish in this favored clime, but will only add a few I saw growing here. Roses of the sweetest kind in profusion, white jasmine, heliotrope, trees of Cape jasmine, verbenum, oleander; all kinds of vegetables—potatoes, peas, French beans, cabbage, carrots, and turnips.

### GENIUS AT WORK.

Gigantic as Sir Walter Scott's powers were, they were of slower growth than the powers of any man of genius whose name can be spoken in the same breath with that of the Ariosto of the North. He did not write his "Lay" till he was thirty-four, and he was forty-three when "Waverly" was published. These facts stand almost alone in the chronology of genius, for, with very rare exceptions, poets and novelists have written their best works in the first flush of youth, and written very little at the age when Sir Walter Scott was throwing off his best novels, that is, from forty-five to sixty. Pope wrote his "Essay on Criticism" in his teens, and that essay, as Doctor Johnson said, at once placed its author in the first rank of critics and poets. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" at eighteen, and the "Cenci" at twenty-six. All Coleridge's masterpieces were written before he was five-and-twenty. Byron was only twenty-four when he published the first canto of "Childe Harold," and he wrote "Don Juan" at thirty. Burns threw off the "Cotter's Saturday Night" at twenty-six, and "Tam o' Shanter" at thirty-two. "Pickwick" was the work of a youth still serving his apprenticeship to literature. "The School for Scandal" was the work of a man of five-and-twenty, and the first volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was written at twenty-four. "Vivian Grey" was the work of a boy; and Sir Bulwer Lytton had published most of his novels long before the age at which the author of "Waverly" discovered that fiction, after all, was his forte.

RELIGION begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins at the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

GREAT are the advantages to be reaped from listening attentively to the conversation of intelligent and cultivated people, and young persons should be earnest to improve every such opportunity.

## News of Interest

OF the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

LONDON has seventeen dailies and two hundred and thirty-seven weeklies.

THE Boston high school girls beat the Harvard freshmen in a spelling match.

RUSSIA is at present possessed of the prodigious number of sixteen million horses.

DURING his long Pontificate Pope Pius IX has buried one hundred and four Cardinals.

IN Germany it is a personal insult to dun a debtor by means of postal cards, and the law affords a remedy.

BALTIMORE ships fifty million cans of oysters annually. Forty thousand men are constantly employed in sharpening oyster-knives and soldering up the cans.

GERMANY'S military forces, including those of Bavaria, comprise at this moment 31,830 officers, 1,329,600 men, 315,970 horses, 2700 field and 820 siege pieces of cannon.

THE correspondence of the different government offices in England is conveyed free of postal charge, amounting yearly to a weight of 13,000,000 ounces, the annual cost of which, if charged, would approach £100,000.

FAIRMOUNT PARK is filled with shade trees and shrubbery, there being a quarter of a million of large and small trees in the grounds; it is watered by one large river, and one stream for a distance of twelve miles within its borders; it has two hundred springs; five small and one large reservoir of one hundred and twenty acres of water.

AT Mauricetown, Cumberland county, New Jersey, there stands an apple tree which has certainly passed its centennial as a fruit-bearer, and it is still bearing, its owner states, about forty bushels of apples per annum. It measures nine feet around the trunk. Is there an older apple tree, or one as old, in the country, the world, or elsewhere?

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was being printed in her house, one night entered the office to alter the sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve, in Genesis, chap. iii, v. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word "*Hem*," and substituted "*Na*" in their place, thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be Lord" [*Hem*], to "and he shall be thy fool" [*Nam*]. It is said her life paid for this intentional erratum, and that some secreted copies of the edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

IN Sweden gardens form a part of the educational system. Upwards of two thousand schools have gardens for planting attached to them, and the teachers of elementary schools are obliged to learn gardening. There is a garden attached to the High Bungher School at Utrecht, in which botanical specimens are planted, arranged and classified by the pupils. To some extent gardens have been apportioned to schoolboys in England, but rather as a means of recreation than of study. The Duke of Northumberland's school, at Alnwick, affords an instance in point. But it is worthy of much wider adoption in country districts.

A GAME OF CHESS.—M. Rosenthal, the celebrated French chess player, recently played, at the Palais Royal, twenty-seven games of chess at once with that number of the best French and foreign players. It was stipulated that M. Rosenthal should have only one minute for each move, passing along the twenty-seven tables in order. Of course each of his antagonists had time to study the game while M. Rosenthal was busy at the other twenty-six tables. The contest lasted from nine o'clock at night till two o'clock in the morning. The result was marvellous. M. Rosenthal won twenty-three games. Three were drawn, and he lost only one, which was gained by a Hungarian player named Rakowski.

AREA OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS.—The area of the British Islands, including the Channel Islands, is about eighty millions of acres. Of this about fifty millions are cultivated for crops, leaving the remaining thirty millions to be accounted for by lands covered with houses and buildings, by gardens and parks, lakes, rivers, roads, bogs, moors and woods. This fifty millions is altogether insufficient to sustain the great and ever-increasing population, even in the commonest food. In fact, careful calculations show this area of the British Islands to be capable of sustaining about one-fourth only of the population of thirty-two and a half millions, and, consequently, that for the sustenance of the remaining seventy-five per cent. of the people—that is, for at least twenty-four of the thirty-two and a half millions—they have to depend upon supplies brought to their shores by merchant shipping from foreign countries.

THE following figures speak volumes: The total population of the United States in 1870 was about thirty-eight millions, of which 5,660,074, or about one-seventh, are illiterate. The total population of France, thirty-six millions, of which over thirty per cent. are unable to read or write, and nearly eleven per cent. can read only, leaving 58 20-100 of the people which we may call educated. In Spain, in 1860, the total population was 16,301,851, of which number 705,760 could read but not write, and 11,800,000 could neither read nor write, which leaves only about twenty-five per cent. of the population which may be called educated. In Italy, with a population of 26,000,000, there is a general average of 64 20-100 adults in every hundred who had not the simplest rudiments of an education. The Austrian and Hungarian empire has a population of 35,000,000, of which fifty per cent. is the estimated ratio of illiteracy.

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

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An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 26 East 21st street, N. Y.

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726 Sansom St., Philada.

## THE STORY OF A DEW-DROP.

The noblest of Shakspeare's songs are those which partake most of the rural character; and these embody a choicer, fresher, more quaint series of allusions to green things, than the songs of any other poet, either ancient or modern, of this or other countries; and yet he flung these fancies from his heart free and unrestrained, as Nature herself powders the heavens with starry dust, and the earth with dew-drops and blades of grass.

Perhaps there is nothing more lovely in the aspect of the grass, apart from its refreshing verdure and velvety softness, than its appearance at daybreak, when dotted all over with trembling orbs of dew—gems which the Night has let fall from her raven hair, and which the great "eye of the universe" sucks up into his own dazzling region of glory when he wakes and looks down upon the world.

The poets have derived some of their most delightful images from these "tears" of heaven, these droppings of manna from the sky. Shakspeare says:

"So sweet a kiss the morning sun gives out
To those fresh morning-drops upon the rose."

A delicious image is that of Mickle, when he pictures the spring as glistening with dew:

"Glistening with dew, the green-haired Spring
Walks through the woods, and, smiling in her train,
Youth glitters gay on cherub wing,
And life, exulting, lifts the eye to heaven."

These "liquid pearls" upon "the bladed grass" are each little worlds of wonder—globes obedient to the sustaining forces of the universe, and holding within their spheres of rainbow beauty millions of minute creatures, which live out their brief hour of joy and pass upward into higher homes, as the creatures which haunt the cities and forests of the round earth will do when their brief span is finished; for the soul, having fretted out its moments on the grassy world below, will be lifted up into the glory of those dazzling spheres, where the green pastures are watered with silvery singing streams—the pleasant land, where grass waves green in the glory of perpetual summer; where the voice of fame, of mammon, and of scorn is hushed, and where the orbicular songs of seraph-souls float in majestic melodies around the throne of the All-Father! It is the story of a dew-drop, a brief life upon the grass, and a passage upward to the skies!

## A SUNNY DISPOSITION.

There are some persons who carry sunshine and happiness by their very presence wherever they go. The ills of life sit lightly on them; they make the best of everything. They inhale and enjoy the fragrance of the rose while it lasts, without pausing to lament that to-morrow its leaves may be withered. Their hearts swell with delight at the many-colored rainbow, and, as its hues quickly fade, they say to themselves, "Never mind, it was a bright bow of promise, anyhow."

Such people are the true, practical philosophers. They find in the fact that life is short a conclusive argument in favor of enjoying as nearly every moment of it as possible.

They are not only the happiest of people themselves, but they do a great deal to make those around them happy. Their presence is everywhere welcome; their absence is felt and regretted. They help the world on, and contribute to make it joyous.

MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.—A poetical writer has said that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness; How great a bounty and a blessing is it so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

A LARGE mass of error is easily embalmed and perpetuated by a little truth.

## THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

Some love a face of charming grace,
A fairy form of Angel-beauty;
But for my part give me the heart
Inspired by candor, love, and duty.
A homely look is like a book,
Plain outside, but within it
Are gems of thought by wisdom wrought,
A higher worth to win it.

Some love a face of marble grace,
No inner fount revealing;
No joy or grief, however brief,
Nor gush of warmer feeling.
The moonlight's glow o'er fields of snow
To some minds may be tender;
But give to me the sunlight free
That gilds the flowers with splendor.

Some love a face of smiling grace,
Bestowed on all at pleasure;
But love lies deep, and oft must weep.
Oh, win that sacred treasure.
While killing time, time steals our prime,
And strength we need in sorrow;
The darkest night is turned to light
When love shines on the morrow.

## SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The sun shines brightly on the ship's deck where you sit, but the wind howls through the rigging with a voice shrill and cutting, as sometimes you have heard it over the window sash, or under the doors at home, only it comes now as if something were driving it on, or as if it were shot out of somewhere by some demoniac archer.

The sailors have taken down the yards from the foremast, all the canvass is closely secured, and every preparation is making for a storm.

The ship is pitching fearfully. One moment you are down in the trough of the sea where everything but the sky is shut out of sight—the next, poised on the crest of a wave, and seeing the sea spread out like a great plain from a hill top.

A flock of gulls has followed close beside you for a long, long time. They seem never to weary and never to be afraid. All day they have flown within reach of your cane over the after deck, and by the ship's side, snug up to the galley window, watching for something to be "cast upon the waters."

Their pink eyes seem to be everywhere. Not the smallest particle escapes their notice. Let an orange or apple peel, or a crust of bread touch the waters, and instantly the whole flock swoop gracefully down, and in the midst of the most excited kind of gull-language debate, who saw, or who touched it first. It always ends in a rough-and-tumble scramble, and soon the whole party is with you again, chattering away pleasantly about what the cook will throw out next.

You watch their white wings, thinking of sea birds far away, and of shore birds singing merrily just out of the shadow where *she* is praying for you, her white hand holding a locket that holds your hair, and her lips upon the cross.

Ah! the tears are in your eyes! You cannot hide them from me; I pray you, do not try.

Such a change in the sea since morning.

You awoke as the first gray streaks of daylight penetrated the little room where you had dreamed all night, and you lay a long time thinking of home and wondering if you had any place, just then, in the thoughts of the dear ones there. The more you thought, the more you wanted to be near enough to ask for yourself—and you arose and went on deck, because you could not rest.

The sea was gloriously beautiful. The mad rush of yesterday's wind had subsided in the night, and old Ocean was heaving in that full, but suppressed way a child has after a whipping, big, round, breast-full sobs after the high-keyed screams.

The beautiful dark green of the water, lashed into foam under the paddles, looked to you like the back ground of some shady landscape lit up by one belt of light reaching far away into the distance, and the great, rounded swells were all smooth on the surface, as deepest emotion may have a placid face; but they picked up your ship and let her down again as easily as you have seen a rose upon a prima donna's breast rise and fall in moments of special inspiration.

Now—and it is such a little time since morning—the ocean is one mass of roaring, seething waters, and there is an uncomfortable sensation in the rear of your third vest button, which makes you have a confused idea of the stability of human affairs, and you are ready to promise to walk all the days of your life for the privilege of leaving your footprint in the sand this moment.

But you are not sick—oh, no! Seasickness is for women and children, *not* for *men*—at least not for a man like you.

The poor consumptive at your side says you are white as snow, and you are sure that he is. But then *he* is going home to die, poor fellow! Why should he not be white? For you—you never felt better in your life, you say; and as the dinner bell rings you go below, not quite steady to be sure, but with a comical assumption of eagerness to begin the fray, and a triumphant smile at the rows of unneeded plates, and chairs, and servants.

You are the only passengers able to be out of the state-rooms—you and the consumptive—but somehow the dinner is not tempting. Your first act is to ask the waiter to remove a dish of—something, and fried onions. You never could inhale the odor of onions without feeling sick, you remark to the consumptive, and then you go into elaborate dissertation regarding the make-up of a Frenchman's heaven.

"The strings of their harps must be coated with onion juice," you say; "and through the mouths of their trumpets such terrific volumes of garlic-odor be poured forth, that no well-bred angel could tarry longer in that portion of Paradise than to deliver his orders to turn the draught down and torture the devil awhile."

So you say—and the consumptive looks shocked, as well he may. But you are very good to him. You have given him wine and—kindness! and he is very grateful. You help him back again up stairs and to his stateroom. Neither of you have eaten anything, but the wine has brought a little flush to his cheeks, and he looks up bright and cheerily, asking:

"How do I look to-night?"

"Better," you say, "much better."

"I am glad you think so," he replies, in a hollow, husky voice. "A stranger can always tell better how I am than I can myself; and when any one says I am *looking* better, I always *do feel so*."

How he clings to life! He knows he is dying, yet will not resign the hope of *something* saving him, after all. His great blue eyes look glazed, and as if another pair were in behind them, a pair from which comes a strange, asking, hoping look, and his sunken cheeks lie close to his jaws, as if trying to crowd inside, and to hide from the world's sight altogether.

They will be hidden so before the roses bloom. God give his spirit rest!

* * * * *

It is midnight now, and you are out on deck again. You have been in your state-room hour after hour and the storm has been increasing. They are not waves, but mountains of water that toss your ship as if it were a feather, and even the pilot's face blanches, as you go on and on for miles, broadside to a terrible sea, and with scarce any hope of making the land again.

Your hands are stiff and cramped from holding to the ropes, and at last you beg to be lashed there with your face turned toward *home*.

Ah! only God knows all that is in your heart, your brave, strong heart, beating so truly under the rope!

There may be danger, but you have ceased to think of it. You are going back over the past—you are going forward to the future—for there will be a future for you even here, you say, here in the land the angels sorrow over. Others may be lost—you shall be saved. You do not know *how*. You cannot swim a stroke—but you are as sure of it as you are that *somebody* is praying for you now with the cross between her palms.

A woman's screams cuts through the windy dark, and you hear it as one in dreams hears the shrill cry of a wintry storm on a mountain, with the valley roses under and the summer sunshine over him. Nothing can mar the peaceful perfections of your vision. Your happy soul

"A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—
Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue violets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow—"

until it

"Lies,
With dreamful eyes,
Under the walls of Paradise."

* * * * *

And so the danger passes.

One by one the affrighted passengers have dropped off to their staterooms, anxious yet—but full of hope, and prayer, and trust.

It may be dark still, and it may be dawn. Hours go by like moments—moments like hours, sometimes. This may be one of the "sometimes," and what does it matter?

We dream on, and on, and on—and the light or shadow of the deep dream's end, the loving Father hath.

The summer is near—so near that her breath is sweetening all the land; but we must not forget that her miracle of roses is wrought out under a veil of snow, and that what seems hardest in life to bear may be the very key to our future's golden store.

And yet it is hard to keep this thought in mind when the brows bend under the iron crown of care, and when sorrow, like a knife, seems severing the cords that bind body and soul together.

Ah! *we* know—and *God* knows.

"There's dawn on the mountains! there's dawn everywhere!
Light! silence! the fresh renovations of air!
Through the revelling woods, o'er the sharp rippled stream,
Up the vale slow uncoiling itself out of dream;
Around the brown meadows, adown the hill-slope,
The spirits of morning are whispering 'Hope!'"

## MAY DAY.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Many are the varieties of springs—of a door, of a trap, of a watch, of a wagon, of feeling, of fancy, of sulphur, soda, iron, warm, hot, cold, and last, but not least, the spring of the year, which, in this climate, though oftener a cold spring than a warm one, exceeds, in its own exhaustless variety, all the other varieties of springs.

They called it in the west of Europe "Beltane," probably a corruption of *bel tempo*—the beautiful season—and made much of it. *Perdita*, in the "Winter's Tale," is compared to "Flora peering in April's front;" and it was the old goddess Flora, whose festival, with the goddess left out, was perpetuated in Christian Europe. The people changed their faith, but they held to their frolic, and the Church of Rome, wiser in some things than some of her successors and opponents, saw no good reason for interfering with what, after all, was "mere matter for a May morning."

With the features of the time-honored May Day Festival in England most people of any reading on this side the ocean are familiar. They can call up the scene on the last night of April, when the quaint houses of the village, standing gable end to the street, are open and lit up long before the usual hour of rising, though that hour itself anticipated daybreak, while within are sounds of joyous preparation, and, presently, from first one, and then another and another dwelling, floods of light stream out into the dark before the dawn, followed by laughing groups of youths and maidens, who, forming a rustic train, move out of the village to strains of the music that an hour ago awakened them, and take their way toward the fields and the woodland where the destined maypole, long since singled out for that honor, is waiting to be drawn to its place upon the green by oxen, with their honest eyes looking in dull amazement out of wreaths of flowers. There are flowers everywhere by sunrise, in gay and sweet profusion. The churches are trimmed with hawthorn, eglantine, roses, honeysuckle, daisies, lilies, violets and "lady smocks all silver white," just as they are trimmed with evergreens at Christmas; the houses are all color and fragrance; exquisite garlands wreathe the shoulders of the men and the fair foreheads and necks of the maidens, and out of that atmosphere of beauty and perfume rises the maypole, a slender spire of flowers from base to tapering point, and the centre of attraction for the day, a lovely blue and gold one, of course.

Chaucer's bulletin, "Bright was the sun and clear that morwening," seems to stand for all time, both before it was written and since, as long as the sylvan sports endured.

The chief amusements of the festival, whether at court, in manor hall or on village green, were dancing and banqueting, though the day was further enlivened by the coronation of the queen, and the masque of Robin Hood, wherein that bold forester, as the principal character, shared his vernal state with Maid Marion, and was "supported" by Little John, Friar Tuck, and such others of his train as varying tradition or invention suggested; the "hobby horse" contriving frequently to get away from Christmas, and frolic about the maypole with the rest.

Comes to tear the garlands from the maypole, silence pipe and tabor, and scatter the dancers and masquers, Bigotry in sugar-loaf hat, starched band and sad-colored raiment. How it ever ventured itself upon the waves in a vessel with so worldly and carnal a name as the "Mayflower," is inexplicable.

But bigotry is not to blame for the subsequent decay of May Day customs, either in England, where public taste has changed since the festivities in the London streets by day, and the torch-light pageant of the marching watch at night, or in America, where the rigor of the climate forbids a floral *fete*, over a vast portion of the country.

Sannazzano exclaims, in a fine frenzy of poetic enjoyment of an Italian spring:

"O dolce primavera, O flor novelli,
O aure, O arbosceili, O freschie erbette,
O piagge benedette, O colli, O monti,
O valli, O fiumi, O fonti, O verdi rivi!
Palme lauri, ed olive, edere e mirti!"

with much more to the same purpose, meaning thereby:

"O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers, fresh thickening grass
And plains beneath heaven's face, O hills and mountains,
Valleys and streams and fountains, banks of green
Myrtles and palms serene, ivies and bays!"

according to the admirable translation of Leigh Hunt, the Goldsmith of the nineteenth century.

Beranger, evidently about the first of April, very appropriately rebukes the season for covering the lindens in Paris with leaves, and thereby veiling from him the windows of a lovely neighbor over the way, whom he used to ogle while she fed the birds with crumbs of a snowy morning.

And it was a fair countryman of his, who, tired of waiting in a New England coast village for the balmy spring of *la belle France*, arrayed herself in her "new things," saying, cheerfully, "If sommaire vill not come to me, I vill come to sommaire," and, going out in search of it, found her way to her grave.

An English essayist writes thus enviably:

"Spring is complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalized, has subsided. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans. The meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets."

In a spring of the olden time, under the white orchard blooms, listening to the bee, and watching the swallow, Chaucer lies on the grass and dreams of Arcite riding to the woods of a May morning, "and loud he sung against the sunny sheen:"

"Right welcome be thou faire freshe May,
I hope that I some green here getten may!"

and the Anglo-American reader, looking abroad upon the bleakness of an average spring on the Atlantic coast, replies sarcastically, "Wish you *may* get it," and shivers.

When William Penn of happy memory first landed in his province, he was disposed to view even the atmosphere through a rose-tinted medium. He writes home to the effect, that, having lived through the year in its hottest and coldest seasons, he finds the autumn much like a mild English spring.

That certainly could not have been the year when there was a heavy snowstorm on the first of October; nor that on whose first of November both rivers near Philadelphia were frozen and skated on.

In the winter, our illustrious founder furthermore reported, the air was dry and cold with frosts, though scarcely any ice in the rivers.

The next summer, however, gave him fresh information, and, probably fanning himself meanwhile, he wrote to his friends that the heat was "extraordinary."

At last, about the time he began to think of returning to England, he arrived at a cooler-headed view of his province, and frankly owned that its weather was "constant only to inconstancy."

What sort of conclusions, respecting the climate of the fortieth parallel in the western continent, would be reached by an Australian, coming upon a memorandum of noticeable variations, with the column of years torn off?

October 1. Election day—hard snow-storm.

October 25. Warm and pleasant—thunder gust P. M.

November 1. Skating on the Schuylkill and Delaware.

December 25. A green Christmas.

January 2. Flies plentiful—boys swim in the Delaware.

January 17. Thunder shower.

January 23. Good sleighing.

February 19. Delaware shad in market.

February 20. Four to five feet of snow—fences obliterated.

February 26. Willows in leaf—peaches in bloom—dandelions out.

March 11. Snow two feet deep.

April 1. Apricots in bloom—birds reappear.

April 12. Sixteen inches snow.

May 28. Hay harvest.

May 30. Frost.

June 6. Black frost.

June 11. Ninety-six degrees in the shade.

We doubt if even a Japanese geographer, from such data, all of them correct, could describe the climate of Pennsylvania, or even "locate" it on the terrestrial globe. It reminds one of an old poetic fancy about the wicked as being finally punished by perpetual transitions from extreme heat to extreme cold, and back again, and would seem to be attributable to some see-saw motion of the earth not yet discovered by astronomers, were it not that other climates contradict that hypothesis.

But pulling down, without building up, is a work fit only for the infidel and the communist. Therefore, though obliged formally to pronounce the dethronement of the May queen an accomplished fact, we would suggest that, were the floral festival, with its flowery glories and all its innocent joys, transferred in our climate to the first of June, the country would be the blither, and the hard-worked American people, one of whose chief needs just now is more holidays, would be all the better for it.

DANGER should be feared when distant, and braved when present.

## THE BOUDOIR

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

One of Fashion's latest caprices is embroidery and trimming of straw. We cannot predict how long it may last, such fancies are apt to be ephemeral; still it is a pretty novelty, and will be specially becoming to brunettes. Some very stylish combinations are produced by the blending of clear yellow straw with jet in embroidery upon black grenadine and hernani. The material should be black to be effective, since nothing else contrasts so well or is capable of being made so effective.

Neapolitan and other black straw hats are wrought in bright yellow straw and small mask veils dotted with the same, are shown also. Even parasols are said to be adorned with it, and fine fringes made.

In suits shirrings and puffs are all the rage. Such a fashion is well adapted to the making of light summer silks and grenadines. We have noticed one of black hernani, which is quite desirable as a model. The lower skirt was trimmed with two puffs each ending in a ruffle, and about four inches space left between them.

The overskirt was very deep, with a plain piece down the middle of the front, ornamented with bows. The breadths on each side of this piece were shirred, and finished on each side with a ruffle which turned over towards the plain middle piece. The back widths were long and square, and gracefully draped to form a bouffant. The waist was a combination of a cuirass and postillion. The front plain and closed with bows instead of buttons; the middle of the back covered with shirring while one row of the latter was carried over each shoulder and down the front in the form of bretelles. The sleeves were shirred longitudinally from shoulder to wrist and ended in a ruffle which fell over the hand. A fringe of cut tape finished the bottom of the overskirt and basque.

Another shirred overdress was made in this way: It was a deep square apron, divided in three by shirring; in this one, the middle width was shirred on each side, and the back ended in two scarfs, which were looped together, to form a bouffant. A very pretty costume of brown silk and gray Indian cashmere was made as follows: Underskirt of silk, trimmed with three overlapping flounces, each eight inches deep. The overskirt was rounded in shape, and trimmed at the bottom with a puff of the same, above which was a bias band of the brown silk, four inches wide. A ball fringe of mingled brown and gray edged this tablier, which was draped in the back by means of two brown silk sashes. The basque, a plain sleeveless cuirass of gray cashmere, had a piece of brown silk laid upon the middle of the back in a sort of fan shape, which narrowed at the waist and widened out again before reaching the end of the basque skirt. The sleeves were of brown silk, and a high pleated ruffle and revers of the silk, gave a finish to the neck. A very neat traveling dress of striped and gray debege, was made in this wise: The underskirt was trimmed simply with two bias bands of plain gray, and put on the belt in kilt plaits, which were allowed to fall from thence free. The overdress was a rounded apron, cut on the bias in front, and joined directly in the middle, with the striped meeting in diagonal points. The back widths were continued into square sash ends, and these were loosely tied once, and then fastened by stitches underneath. This overskirt was simply piped with the gray. A deep, tight-fitting Louis Quatorze vest of the plain gray, buttoned from throat to the bottom, and having two pockets on the skirt of it, on each side of the front, made of the striped material, was worn under a half loose paletot of the striped debege; this latter was piped with the gray, and had outside pockets of the same, while each of the three seams at the back was finished with oblong pieces of the gray, fastened over with three buttons. The front of this jacket was allowed to fall open from the throat, where it was fastened by two pointed tabs, having a button on each end. Hat of gray straw rolled high on the sides, and pointed in front, trimmed with a dark gray scarf, and having a bright bird on the left of the front.

Apropos of hats and bonnets brings to our mind some very charming ones that we have seen at the late openings. One of pale gray chip was especially sought. It was sloping at the back and with a high revers or coronet front. It was lined with silk a shade darker than the tint of the hat, and had a rouleau of two shades of pink, which passed entirely round under the brim. The trimming consisted of a cluster of three ostrich tips, or more properly speaking, short feathers, well curled, of different shades of pink. These were held in place at the back by a double row of black velvet, and curled over towards the front of the hat. Below this velvet bow was a half-blown rose and bud with a spray attached which falls over the shoulder.

Another of black chip, was encircled with a light gray scarf, two pale pink Provence roses were placed in front, while a similar cluster was at the back, a little to the left side.

A white chip was lined with pale cream color, and had a narrow facing of black velvet on the edges of the rim. A scarf of cream-colored damask was trimmed about the crown, a spray of lilac and syringa blossoms mingled with fine sprays of grass fell over the back, while a cluster of the same flowers was placed in front. Long scarf ends of black tulle were fastened at the back of the hat, and were to be crossed on the bust, held in place by a small spray of flowers.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Bands of English embroidery wrought upon all kinds of fabrics, silk and woolen as well as cotton or linen will be very fashionable this summer for trimming.

Sleeveless jackets of all kinds will be much worn this coming season, especially those made of lace inserting and ribbon.

Half wreaths for the hair for ball toilettes are made of hyacinths and snow drops, the latter frosted with a glittering substance to represent snow.

Embroidered aprons of black and colored silks, it is said will be fashionable for the watering places, etc., in the morning.

Lace and silk scarfs or manteleta are *en regle* for the promenade, and out-door wear generally.

Suits of striped and plain taffeta combined are both stylish and fashionable.

A new shape of hat has appeared for the promenade—it turns up in the back and down in front—has also a high round crown.

An odd fashion in tabliers is to have a scarf of the material plaited and covered with fine sheer white muslin, then draped diagonally across the front of the dress.

Overdresses of damask silk are fashionable, and when used in combination with rich, plain silks are very effective.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. G. I. BARNES (Wisconsin).—Sent lead comb on April 14th per mail; hope you have received it by this time. We are not accountable for delays in the mails, etc.

MINNIE D.—In reply to question 1st, we would advise you to wear pleatings of fine silk tulle, or else crepe lisse, which is equally soft and pretty. In regard to No. 2—we would recommend a long full train, with a puffing of tulle at the bottom—or else a shirring. If the overdress is to be of the silk, let it be long and rounded in front. Trim with deep crimped silk fringe of the same shade, or else a knife pleating of tulle. Let the corsage, whether basque or pointed waist, be cut square in the neck, or heart-shaped: and have the sleeves puffed from the shoulder to waist. If you can afford the expense, loop the overskirt at the back with garlands of jessamine and orange blossoms. Also wear clusters of the same upon the breast and at the waist. If you wear a veil have a wreath of these flowers; if only your bonnet, or without any covering for the head, use the same flowers for either the bonnet or in decorating your coiffure. We trust these replies may prove satisfactory.

NINON.

## BOYS.

BY LAURA.

[If I could only have looked down the flight of years that have flown past since the following composition was penned, and seen before what a large and elegant assembly it was to be read, how I would have faltered and pondered over it, trying in vain to produce something worthy the occasion. But that page in the Book of Fate was not revealed to me, so please "be to my faults a little blind, and to my virtues very kind," hear then what I had then to say on the subject of "Boys."]

I have to write a composition, so think I will write on Boys, as I know more about them than I do about "Fashion," and all the girls write about that. I often wonder what old ladies mean when they say "Boys will be Boys," of course they will; what else can they be? I know some *girls* though that try very hard to be boys. Boys have big hands, big feet, and big mouths, and generally freckles, warts and red hair. Their chief amusements are marbles, snow-balling little girls, and pie or gingerbread; and they nearly always have dirty hands and faces, except when in Church, and then they can't help it, so it makes them mad, and they make faces and look cross-eyed at the little girls. Some boys are cruel and blood-thirsty; they drown cats, and rob the dear little birds' nests. They are so greedy, too; nearly all the boys at my party stuffed their pockets with oranges and candies, and let their little sisters go without anything. They will go to any place where they can get nice things to eat.

My Sabbath school book says there are two kinds of boys; those who steal apples on Sunday and those who don't. I think it is very naughty to steal on the Sabbath; then I would be afraid of that savage dog that my Sunday school book says is always there to bite the little boys that steal. I hope my brother will not be so bad, or if he does that he will bring home lots of apples and not get caught.

Mr. Smith, next door, has a very nice little boy, just a little larger than I am, though I am big for my age. He is perfectly splendid, and only about an inch taller than I am; at least his mouth was just a little above mine when we measured.

Boys are good to make men out of, and to swing you and give you peppermint drops and kiss verses; but then they are awful teazes, except Mr. Smith's little boy, and he teazes me for one thing all the time. I won't tell you what it is.

This is all I know about boys, but I'll tell you more in about ten years.

DESPONDENCY.—What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despond? What is the cause of despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of His creatures should be the victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of the thunder-cloud. Never despond, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be gilded by sunshine, we must not, for more momentary griefs, suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

THE *People's Monthly*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been consolidated with the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. These two neat and spicy papers being thrown into one, will make the best Weekly Illustrated Paper published. The POST has always been our favorite paper, because nothing but the best literature is published in its columns. The paper will be illustrated weekly, and a large supplement issued every few weeks. Success to their efforts.—*Brownsville Clipper, Brownsville, Pa.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has consolidated with the *People's Illustrated Monthly*, of Pittsburgh. Together these popular and highly interesting literary journals will make a strong team, and the union has our best wishes for success.—*Weekly Guide, Germantown, Philadelphia.*

THAT capital literary paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, has incorporated with itself the *People's Illustrated Monthly*, of Pittsburgh, and now offers its readers a number of acceptable new features.—*Daily Herald, Norristown, Pennsylvania.*

LIFE, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream: and that which is to come, a wish.

## The Three-Cornered Country.

BY IDA MAY.

A proud and thoughtless Princess, walking beside a brook, saw a water snake curled about one of the rushes that grew on its banks.

"Ugly creature!" cried the Princess; "I wonder why such things are made? They are neither beautiful nor useful."

"It is not ugly," said one of her maids. "See what lovely colors! and how it looks at your Highness. One would think it knew what you said."

"Bah!" said the Princess; "it makes me ill. Send some one here to kill it."

So one of the maids went to find one of the pink pages, and one of the pink pages went after the Lord High Fiddlestick, and the Lord High Fiddlestick brought the shovel and tongs, and came out to kill it; but no sooner did the snake see him coming, than it left the rushes, and glided into the water. All the attendants, anxious to please the Princess, hunted here and there for the snake, and parted the rushes, and even went into the stream; but in vain; it was gone, and the Princess went on with her walk, and thought no more concerning it.

That night, however, when her maids had undressed her, and she had lain down, she saw something curled up on the foot of the bed, which, raising its head, showed her the water snake she was so anxious to have killed that day. The Princess was not a little terrified at seeing it there so strangely, and still more so when, on attempting to call for help, she found that she was unable to speak.

"You were very anxious to have my brains dashed out to-day," said the snake, "not because I would do you any harm, but because I was ugly, and you could not use me in any way. We will see, now, how your Highness will like to find yourself in a country where the inhabitants will think you as ugly and useless as you thought me."

Hardly had the snake spoken these words, when the Princess was lifted out of her bed, and found herself flying out of her window and through the dark at such a terrible rate that she fainted away, and when she came to her senses, she found herself in the strangest place imaginable. Everything was three-cornered, and had one sharp corner at top, and two corners at the bottom. The mountains all ran up to a sharp peak; the trees grew in a sharp peak at the top, and came down to the ground with two corners; the people were three-cornered, with no legs and feet, and their eyes, ears and noses crowded together in the sharp corner at the top of them, and they got over the ground by trundling themselves along on castors; and they, and everything about them, looked so droll, that the Princess began to laugh. Hearing that, all the three-cornered people stopped and listened attentively.

"What is that strange and disagreeable noise?" said they. "We never heard anything like that before."

The idea of people that had never heard any one laugh before, made the Princess laugh again; and on hearing the horrible sound again, some of the three-cornered ladies fainted away, while some of the bolder among them, spying the Princess, seized upon her, and dragged her in among them.

"Here is the strange animal that has just made that hideous noise," said one of them, holding the Princess tight by the ear.

All the three-cornered people instantly crowded about her.

"It has wool like our sheep," said another, pulling at her hair.

"Where are its corners?" asked two or three more, peeping curiously around the Princess. "It has no corners."

"How does it walk?" was the next question; and presently they discovered she had legs.

"It has legs! it has legs!" they shouted, all together. "It is one of those nasty things with legs, that live on the earth, in the daylight. What are things made for that are so ugly and useless? Kill it; it makes me sick even to look at it."

The Princess, who was beginning to think this no laughing matter, instantly took to her heels; and, as she had legs, where the other people could only trundle themselves along, she soon got ahead of them; but she could not find any place to hide. Running in at the three-cornered gate of a three-cornered farm house, the three-cornered children playing there were frightened, and screamed.

"Oh, mamma! oh, papa! come here quick. Here is such an ugly thing, with no corners and two legs!"

Out came a three-cornered papa, with a three-cornered mamma, with a three-cornered broomstick in his hand.

"Ough! get out! you horrid creature!" cried they, chasing the poor Princess out of the farmyard.

The Princess ran till she was ready to drop, when, seeing a mild-looking, three cornered old gentleman reading a book, she ran up to him, meaning to ask him to help her; but no sooner did the old gentleman catch sight of her, than he jumped up bawling: "Here, Ollopod! here, Tripod! here, Dod! Come quick! come quick! Here is a splendid specimen of those two-legged creatures to put in my glass case of curiosities. I will have its portrait taken, to put in my book of curiosities, and then I will stuff it. Quick, Ollopod! where is the net? it will get away!"

Horribly frightened at the notion of being stuffed and put in a glass case, away went the Princess, faster than ever, till, seeing a nice, three-corned old woman spinning, she thought, "This old woman will not hurt me!" and, stopping, began to ask her for something to eat.

But the old lady, as soon as she had on her spectacles, cried out, "Goodness gracious! mercy me! I have lived all these long years, and seen ugly things enough, but I never did see anything quite so horrid as this. Get away, you ugly thing, or I will scald you."

Almost broken-hearted, the Princess went on to a forest that she saw close by; but the trees, being three-cornered, gave no shade, and offered no place to hide her, so that she was forced to walk on. Now she began to cry, and wring her hands, thinking that she should surely die; and, as she wept, she saw, or thought she saw, the water snake looking at her.

"If I could only go home, I would never be so foolish and cruel again," she said; and no sooner were the words spoken, than—whisk! she was in her own palace again, just in time to be dressed by her maids for breakfast.

## The Wolf and the Fox.

A FABLE.

A fox happened to live near a wolf, and being the weaker of the two, was most unwillingly compelled to obey his cruel neighbor.

"Redskin," said the wolf to him one night, as they were prowling together in the wood, "get me something to eat, or I must devour you!"

"I know a farmyard," replied the fox, "where there are two young lambs; if you like we will go and fetch one."

They accordingly went, and the wolf waited on the edge of the wood while the fox crept slily into the yard and stole the lamb, which he brought to his companion, who immediately ate it up. He felt more courageous than usual after the meal, and as his appetite was still unsatisfied, he resolved to go himself to get the other. He was so awkward, however, that he aroused the mother of the lambs; she began to cry and bleat so piteously that the farmer's men came running to see what was the matter. On discovering the wolf, they beat him so unmercifully that he was scarcely able to make his escape.

"You deceived me," he cried, when, limping and bowling, he rejoined the fox. "You told me nothing about the farmer's men, and they have nearly killed me."

"Why are you such a glutton?" replied the fox.

"Redskin," said the insatiable wolf, the next day, "get me something to eat, or I must devour you."

"I know a farmhouse," answered the fox, "where the mistress cooked some pancakes this evening. Let us go and get them."

They soon reached the house, and the fox crept around it, smelling and peeping, until he found out where the dish was placed. He took six pancakes out of it, and brought them to the wolf.

"There's something to eat," said he, and left him.

On the third day they were again out together, and the wolf, though he hobbled along in great pain, was as greedy as ever.

"Redskin," said he, "get me something to eat, or I must devour you."

"I know a man," answered the fox, "who has lately slaughtered an ox. The salted meat is in a tub in the cellar; we can go there and get some."

"I will go with you," said the wolf; "but you must keep near me in case of danger."

"For my own sake, I will," replied the fox.

They soon reached the cellar; and the fox having shown his companion all the by-paths and the secret entrance, they began their repast. The wolf ate voraciously.

"'Twill be sometime before I've finished," thought he, as he looked at the quantity of meat before him; but the fox, though he liked his supper, glanced continually around him, and every now and then ran to the hole through which they had entered, to try if his body was getting too large to slip out conveniently.

"Dear Redskin," said the wolf, "do not be so uneasy! Why do you jump in and out so?"

"I must watch that we be not surprised," answered the crafty one; "and you must take care not to eat too much!"

"I shall not leave here until the tub is empty," said the wolf.

But the man heard the noise of the fox jumping in and out of the cellar, and at last came to see what was going on there. As soon as the fox perceived him, at one leap he was through the hole; the wolf tried to follow, but he had eaten so much that he stuck fast, and the farmer's cudgel presently laid him dead. The fox reached home safely, and rejoiced exceedingly that he was at length freed from the tyranny of the old glutton.

# SIMON GIRTY,

## THE RENEGADE.

## An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
*Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."*

### CHAPTER LXXVI.—[Continued.]

The next morning was a bright and glorious one. Mr. Malott had enjoyed a long, unbroken rest, and was still sleeping. His wife, too, when the delightful tumult of her mind, and the jostling throng of happy hopes and memories was somewhat quieted, had snatched some hours for refreshing sleep.

—Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life; sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Mrs. Dorman and the children were not only up betimes, but had been told the wonderful story of the night before. The two little ones—who, by the by, were rapidly regaining their English—were in a twitter and hubbub of childish delight and excitement. Papa had come! Papa had come! They scarcely knew exactly what that meant, but it was *something* strange and wonderful.

Their mother now told them to hush-h-h and they could see the wonderful papa. He was very, very tired, and they must not wake him for the world. With finger on mouth and a merry twinkle in her eye, she led the festive procession.

The two children stood timidly beside the great unknown. They gazed awe-stricken and with wide open eyes at his wan face and long, disordered locks and unkempt flowing beard. Little Nellie was actually frightened, and began to cry. Her mother was proceeding to hustle her out of the place, when all this noise awoke the mysterious stranger. His eyes at first had the same sad, wild look as before. For a moment he seemed confused and bewildered at the group before him.

All at once his faded eyes kindled, and his attenuated face was fairly radiant, lit up with a holy joy. He yearningly stretched forth his arms, and with tears in his eyes and a fervent "thank God!" he embraced his wife. She pushed the children forward. His heart was too full for utterance. He folded them to his bosom with the utmost warmth and tenderness, the big tears rolling down his cheeks. It was a happy, rapturous hour! Let us draw the curtain on the scene.

It was marvelous to see the wondrous change produced on Mr. Malott by a night of sleep and a heart at ease. They were Nature's medicines, of greater potency than the whole pharmacopœia. His tomahawk wound was healing most favorably. His eye was bright and his voice strong. There was a color in his cheek, and once, at some wise childish remark of little Dot's, he actually laughed heartily. Like Anger in Collin's Passions, he "started back at the sound that he himself had made." It seemed for the moment a positive sin.

### CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE HERMIT'S STORY—KATE MALOTT.

After a hearty breakfast—all partaking together—the children were sent out to play, and at least two hours were spent by the happy parents in a confidential chat. The whole past from the time of their separation was reviewed; all on either side was explained to the minutest particular, and if she shed tears at the sad story of his despair on hearing of his family's death; his forlorn, desolate life in the cave on the Big Yellow, and his long career of vengeance; so did he at her recital of her surprise, her many horrors, her long wanderings and the late terrible scenes she had passed through.

We are only concerned in giving that part of his history with which our readers are, as yet, unacquainted. In Mrs. Malott's original account of the Indian attack on Capt. Reynold's boat and the capture of about nineteen souls in all, it was stated that her husband with an assistant, was in a stock boat in front; that *he* had first discovered the "blind" on shore; had shouted back to Reynolds a warning, and that the last she heard of him was his firing away at the savages until his boat drifted entirely out of sight. She had added that, although search had been made by her agents through all the Ohio tribes, she never could find trace of him; but hearing once from a trader that a boat with cattle had about that time been captured on the Ohio, and the two men defending it killed, she very much feared that was her husband.

In the Hermit's first interview with Brady in his cave, he had given as the reason for his revengeful life that his whole family had been barbarously murdered by Indians under Black-Hoof—that his wife had been tortured to death by fire, and all his dear children brained and scalped, and that he heard the story not only from a white man who witnessed the whole damnable atrocity, but that it had been confirmed by an Indian. That then his spirit was broken, his head crazed, his heart turned to stone and he vowed to live only for revenge.

Mr. Malott's account now to his wife was, in brief, to the effect that when, in the year '79, he saw the Indians make a rush on Captain Reynold's boat, he had done all he could to divert the attack; but their boat was not long pursued. He had been only slightly wounded, but many of the horses and cattle had been badly hurt, and were tearing about the boat in a perfectly frantic state.

He soon sighted the mouth of the Scioto, and concluding that his family had been either killed or captured with Reynold's ark, he resolved to stop there to be more certain of their fate. They concealed their boat in the Scioto, and were surprised to find near by the rough lodge of a Kentucky rifleman out upon a deer hunt. On account of the wounded cattle, Mr. Malott finally persuaded this hunter to help his assistant take the boat down to Limestone (now Maysville, Ky.) while he himself would go back to the place of attack and discover the fate of his family, and, if prisoners, share captivity with them.

He had scarce advanced, however, but a few miles on his course, when he fell into an Indian ambush. At least a dozen Shawnees surrounded him, and a brief encounter, in which he received a severe wound in the breast, ensued. Resistance was in vain, however, and he was dragged roughly away to a small village on the Scioto, near the Chillicothe towns. He was nearly a month recovering from his wounds, all the time making every inquiry of traders and passing Indians concerning his family. He heard various reports, but on tracing them up, was invariably disappointed.

One day, however, he learned that his stock-boat had been attacked and captured near Limestone, and that Jack McPherson, his assistant, and the Kentucky hunter he had hired, had been both killed. This was doubtless the same attack of which his wife received news, and which led her to believe her husband dead.

Finally, after being a captive over three months, he had come across a white trader who gave him a dreadful account of the capture of a Kentucky boat somewhere below Ft. Henry, and the massacre of all on board. He described one woman in particular who, because she had refused to be separated from her children, and had given her captors a great deal of trouble, had been cruelly tortured, all her four children having been first brained and scalped before her very eyes. As the time, place and all the circumstances related to him agreed precisely with the facts he already knew, he was sure it was his, and no other one's family, that had thus been so ruthlessly slaughtered.

From that moment he was a changed man. He fell sick and became so gloomy and despondent that his mind became deranged. A settled, intensely bitter hate commenced to take possession of his despairing heart, deprived so cruelly of wife and children, and he, on a lock of his wife's hair, solemnly swore to devote his life to a terrible vengeance.

A May Holiday.

Shortly after he had recovered, he fell in with an Indian chief who confirmed the statement of the trader; asserted that Catahecassa, or Black-hoof, the Shawnee chief, was the wretch who had so wantonly destroyed his family, and gave such a touching and harrowing description of the poor mother's pleadings and her subsequent torture, that there was no further room for doubt.

He then determined to carry out his deadly resolves. Securing a rifle and plenty of ammunition, he stole off down the Scioto, traveled only by night, and finding a lonely, rocky and almost inaccessible glen near the chief Chillecothe trail, he commenced his vengeful trade. He lived in that savage solitude nearly a year, subsisting on the game he killed and obtaining his ammunition from his victims.

Learning from a wounded Indian that Black-Hoof and his gang of murderers had moved further East, he also changed his *habitat*, and squatted next on the trail which struck the Ohio at Mingo Bottom. Somehow he never could come on any trace of Black-Hoof, and that trail becoming disused by the savages, he had next domiciled in the cave on the Big Yellow trail, where Captain Brady had found him, and from which he was fortunately allured by the assurance that Black-Hoof, whom he had so long hunted in vain, was only a couple of hours ahead of him.

The only time he had opportunity to grapple the Shawnee, however, was when he had a few days before dropped down on him and, with Brady's assistance, had tumbled him over the cliff.

"And now you tell me, Kate," laughingly concluded Mr. Malott, "that Black-Hoof is in this very camp, sorely bruised and battered from that very tumble; that he's not such a bad Indian after all. Well, I certainly owe the old fellow an apology for the bad opinion and the deadly rancor I've so long entertained for him, and if he don't hate me too bitterly I'll undoubtedly make him one."

"I fear, husband, that not only the Shawnee but all the rest in camp will hate you. You'll have to keep very close. May be Girty—"

"Hang that insolent wretch! I only wish I was out of his clutches and I'd feel more contented."

"Joseph, you wrong Girty, indeed you do. He has many and glaring faults, it is true, but many redeeming traits, too, I fear, had it not been for him last night, you would not be with me now. He has proved the kindest friend to me, Frankie and Dot, and has for years assisted me in my search for you and the children, besides—"

Mrs. Malott still hesitated. She had not yet told him one word of Kate, and Girty's love for her. She was the night before afraid of over-exciting him. That morning, however, she feared his opposition, and yet knew how indispensably necessary Girty was to the rescue of her child from the Indians.

"So you've told me, wife," he interrupted; "and I'm glad he's better than reported. I could forgive all but his being a cursed tory and a traitor."

"You must even forgive that, Joseph," smilingly responded Mrs. Malott. "You don't know how necessary he is to our future welfare."

"How? In what way, Kate? Explain!"

The time had come at last, and Mrs. Malott proceeded to tell him the whole story of Kate's discovery, of Girty's strange attachment for her, and how invaluable he might be in getting her away from the Shawnees.

The stunning surprise of Mr. Malott may well be imagined. Exceeding delight for the recovery of another child was mingled with the natural aversion he felt at any closer alliance with Girty. He had a rooted prejudice against the outlaw. He pished and pshawed and looked very much annoyed. "What you say, Catharine, vexes me greatly. I know Girty is a brave and a prominent leader, but he must be much better than I hear he is before I'd consent to give him our Kate." Then brightening up, he laughingly continued: "Our Kate!—just listen to me! Last night I was a lone, desolate, wounded captive, without hope or even desire for life, and couldn't say *our* anything, and yet here I am laying down the law about a dear daughter whom, up to ten minutes ago, I thought dead. I'm sure I'm willing to leave this matter to you and to her; only let me once see the darling child again and I'll let the future take care of itself. But didn't you say that Girty was best when not in liquor? I fear, love—"

"Hush-h-h, husband, here comes the very man himself, Frankie in one hand and Nell in the other. Now *do* be kind to him for my, for Kate's, for *all* our sakes."

Sure enough! In limped slowly, Capt. Simon Girty, looking like anything but a candidate for early matrimony. His head all bruised and bandaged up; his buckskin garments soiled and rather dilapidated; one arm in a sling—altogether, he looked like the last of pea time or the breaking up of a hard winter.

He had, too, a certain awkward and embarrassed air, which he essayed to conceal by laughs with the children and under an easy, off-handed boisterousness. He first cast a furtive, meaning glance at Mrs. Malott, to ascertain if she had told *all*. Approaching the couch, or spread, on which Malott was half reclining, he gave a quick start of surprise at the wonderful change for the better in his appearance—his bright eye, animated face and trim appearance; for the wife had made it her first duty to cut and comb out her husband's long, tangled hair and beard. He looked a gentleman in presence of the Renegade. Mr. Malott was the first to speak. Extending his hand frankly to Girty, he said easily and pleasantly:—

"This is a great contrast to last night, Captain Girty. No wonder you look surprised. I thank you from my heart for your kindness to me and my long-lost wife and children."

"Ah, yes; no thanks, sir—don't deserve any," said Girty, with an air manifestly ill at ease, but with, also, a certain assumption of indifference. "Deuce take it, Malott, but you're awfully transmogrified. Who'd a thought ye the desperit fighter that's been bumping up agin us for the last few days. We've been neatly whaled this time, I own up honest. You must be a rantankerous Injun hater, Malott. Our reddys jist love you."

"Say rather I *was*, Captain," laughed Malott. "I feel most heartily ashamed of my late life—so bitter, so revengeful, so blood-thirsty—and to think, too, Girty, that it was all a huge mistake. I'll never draw bead on a human being again. I feel so repentant that I could shake hands with every Indian in yon camp and ask his pardon—and Black-Hoof first."

"Ha! ha! ha!" boisterously laughed Girty. "I told Black Hoof this morning that you had been saved from torture last night and were going with us. Je hoe-a-phat you oughter seen the old sinner dance and prance 'round. He stripped to the buff and showed me his black and blue bruises; seemed right lowhearted that you'd been let off so easy, and made motions as if he'd like to squeeze your wizend. Better steer clear of him, I can tell you."

"On the contrary," gaily remarked Malott, "I'll call on him now with you. I told Kate here I owed him an apology and would make him one. From a state of utter despair I've been raised to such a height of hopefulness that I wouldn't resent even an insult to day, much less from him. Why do you know, Captain, that I even believe our little Harry will turn up yet? Indians don't generally kill boys unless they're specially troublesome, and Kate says that the Chief who carried him off was a kindhearted soul."

And so the talk ran on, Girty spending at least an hour with them and the children and making himself so pleasant and agreeable, that Mr. Malott was astonished. It is an old and shrewd way suitors have of paying court to the loved one through all their relatives.

Not one word was said by any of Kate Malott in relation to Girty, but the latter stated that on account of Mr. Malott's and his own wounds they would rest where they were all day, and would start bright and early the next morning for the Mac-a-chac Towns on Mad river, where their daughter Kate was staying. From there he thought he would give Pomocan and his town the go by for the present and go to Detroit. He didn't suppose he would stand very well with the Indians or the Half King after his late defeat, but he was tired of marauding and fighting anyway, and would be only too glad to take a few week's rest.

All present knew what the programme meant, but they made no special comment, being content with any movement having Kate as an object.

### CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE HERMIT CALLS ON HIS OLD FOE.

Girty had sent down to Mr. Malott the clothes stripped from him before the torture, so that he was now dressed and ready to call on Black Hoof.

The invalid arose with some difficulty, and passed out, leaning on a stout hickory staff. His chief wound was on his shoulder, so that locomotion was not impeded, and, as it might prove a somewhat risky business, he took a knife and tomahawk along.

The two proceeded first to Girty's own hut. He wished to get his pistols, besides he had a little whisky left, and suggested that that would prove the best salve wherewith to take the wrinkles out of the grim old Shawnee's face.

As they passed along they noted several groups of savages glowering at them in the most scowling and ferocious manner. Several of the Shawnees even clenched their hands as if anxious to get at Malott again, and made certain menacing gestures against both.

Of all this they took no notice whatever, but, on leaving Girty's shelter, proceeded to that of Black Hoof, which lay a short distance aloof, on the border of a rippling little run.

On approaching the place, Girty went ahead; interviewed the huffy, irate old chief; explained the terrible mistake under which Malott had so long lived and operated; and said that, wounded as he was, Mr. Malott had insisted on paying his respects to so great a chief, and to apologize, not only for believing that he was the destroyer of his family, but for his late attack on him.

Black Hoof threw his horn, or "proboskis," as Larry used to call it, in the air, and was very difficult to placate. He got upon his shaky legs, hobbled about on one foot, snorted out his wrath, and, for awhile, utterly refused to be comforted. It required all Girty's art to smooth him down. Finally, amid a muttering roll of grumbles and protestations, the chief sat sulkily down and offered to hear what the "ear-cutter" had to say, but would have been much better had he been sent to the spiritland.

Girty stepped out and beckoned Mr. Malott to come on, which he did with a pleasant and unembarrassed air, saying as he held out his hand:

"Catahecassa is a great Shawnee chief. The pale face is come to show him honor."

Black Hoof deigned to give him one vicious grunt, as he approached, refused the offered hand, and gave a short grunt of supreme disgust.

"Ugh!" he said, "he one that throw me over the rocks. Dat man had long shaggy hair all over head and face like a buffalo; had eyes that blazed like panthers, and he spit like wild cat—he all through and all over mad."

"Oh, yes; I'm the same one," blandly answered Malott; "but have found wife and children since, and am not so wild and ugly as I was. If it had not been for Brady, chief, I'm afraid *I* would have been the one to go over the cliff. Catahecassa is a mighty chief—strong as the bison, active as the catamount, and knows not what fear is. I like him."

"Ugh! yes, dat so; first part; last part heap lie," grunted out Black Hoof, looking as sulkily suspicious as did the man in the play under somewhat similar circumstances, when he made the natural remark: "You did well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs." "If you like Catahecassa, why you do so? Come! I show you," and he was proceeding to uncover his various hurts and bruises when Malott stopped him:

"Oh, no, Black Hoof. I know; but that was when I was crazy, and thought you had killed my wife and children. I'm here now to tell you how sorry——"

"Catahecassa brave chief," interrupted the Indian. "He only fight men—warriors, and no squaws and papooses. What make you kill many Injuns, eh? tell me dat?"

"Why, chief, when the 'long knives' steal your horses, burn your towns and shoot down your women and children, don't you become very angry and kill and scalp all you can? But come! lets say no more. I'm very sorry. Here some strong 'fire-water' to clear all the dust from our eyes, and to make us bury the hatchet."

Black Hoof was specially fond of the ardent. His manner changed on the instant. His little eyes twinkled. A ghastly smile shot athwart his hideous, parchment-like face, and he stretched forth his hand eagerly, took the gourd, and drained it to the bottom.

"Ugh! Dat take heap o' hurt out of my body. If you sorry you throw me over, I sorry, too. Got any more?"

"Only enough for one little drink," and Malott and Girty sat down and chatted sociably with the grim old Shawnee

Malott aside, and said solemnly, but in low tones, "To-morrow, when Catahecassa move very stiff and sore, he feel very mad again at the stranger paleface! Maybe bad Injuns try kill him. Dat be good time to give chief more 'firewater;' it make his heart glad, and he forget all his wounds. Eh?"

With this delicate hint to reflect upon, the two sought again Mrs. Malott's hut, and the day was quietly and pleasantly passed with her and the children—resting, talking, and getting strong enough for the morrow's journey.

The next morning early the onward march was resumed; Pipe and Wingenund with the Delawares in front, next the horse and two ponies carrying the women and children, which were flanked by Girty and Mr. Malott, and then Black Hoof and the rest of the company.

The Sandusky trail was followed until after Mohicon John's Lake (now Odell's Lake, Ashland County, Ohio), was passed, and then, as is customary with the Indians after any decisive struggle, a separation took place. Pipe, whose village was on the Tymochtee, the Wyandotts, who hailed from Sandusky, and Wingenund, whose camp was not far off, kept straight on the trail.

But Girty, desirous of avoiding the Half King at present, and anxious to reach Wapatomika, Mad river, filed off into a southwesterly trail with Mr. and Mrs. Malott and children, and the Shawnees under Black Hoof. Much to the surprise of all, Mr. Malott was quite able to keep on foot the whole way. He gained in strength and cheerfulness every hour and none could recognize in him the moody, passionate, distracted hermit of a few days previous.

We need not follow Girty's party on that long wilderness tramp. Although not an eventful journey, it was by no means monotonous. If ever the woods could look specially charming, it was in that delicious May season, when all nature seemed at its best and freshest—dressed, as it were, in its gayest holiday attire.

On the third evening they had not only crossed the Olentangy, but had encamped on the east bank of the Scioto. Here they were compelled to make a bark canoe. Having safely crossed, the horses swimming behind, they at length emerged from the vast solemn woodland shades which had so long enshrouded them, and came out into God's blessed sunshine, over a level open country of alternate plain and grove.

Their course was now rapid and delightful. The whole country was of the most varied and beautiful description. The children seemed to revel as much in that pure, delicious air and in the shifting panorama of nature's charms as did their parents. Even the eyes of the grim and stoical Shawnees seemed to kindle, and their weary feet to lift more airily, as they drew near their homes and loved ones.

About sundown the next evening, while crossing over a breezy, treeless knoll, the silvery sheen of the Mad river burst upon their enraptured vision. Shortly after the trail led them out upon its grassy margin, and they gazed with delight upon its bright, swift, dancing waters. The sun was then creeping down behind the hills on the thither side, and its dying glories gilded and burnished the broken, agitated current with the more sparkling, shimmering tints.

It was just that witching time of evening when every person of sentiment seems to be most *en rapport* with nature, when the feeling mind is filled with a pleasing, musing pensiveness.

Girty himself had now fallen somewhat in the rear, and what for, think you? Ah! he and the two agitated, anxiously expectant parents gazed ahead with far different eyes from the crowd that accompanied them. Even the hard, cruel, flinty-hearted Girty, as men deemed him, had been touched by the enchanter's wand. For the first time, perhaps, in his reckless and turbulent life, he found he, too, had a human heart susceptible to gentle emotions, where another and better ruled supreme, and which instinctively taught him that to love is to please.

He had, therefore, tarried at a little run, which suggestively crossed his path, to make his toilet. Do not smile, reader, but respect the fine motive which underlay the action! The same doubtless has come, or will yet come, to each of you. It is something to this dread-naught outlaw's credit that he shortly rejoined the company with his face clean and bright; his hair put in order; his skin cap arranged with a more jaunty set, and his travel-stained garments dusted and adjusted.

He was not an ill-looking person when so finished, and with face lit up with the "divine passion." His gentle, half-embarrassed air; the eager, expectant light in his eye, and the tinge of color on his swarthy, weather-beaten visage, were quite becoming. Mrs. Malott stooped down from her horse to so tell her husband. It was all but the unconscious homage which the roughest, hardest heart pays to the object of its purest, tenderest love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VALUE OF WORK.—Hugh Miller, than whom none knew better the strength and the weakness belonging to the lot of labor, stated the result of his experience to be, that work, even the hardest, is full of pleasure and materials for self improvement. He held honest labor to be the best of teachers, and that the school of toil is the noblest of schools—save only the Christian one—that it is a school in which the ability of being useful is imported, the spirit of independence learned, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He was even of opinion that the training of the mechanic—by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealing with things actual and practical, and the close experience of life which he acquires—better fits him for picking his way along the journey of life, and is more favorable to his growth as a man, emphatically speaking, than the training afforded by any other condition.

LAMENTABLE it is to see multitudes—as we may among ourselves—of beings of such high qualifications and such high destination as man absorbed in the pursuit of merely external and merely temporal objects—occupied in schemes for attaining worldly wealth and aggrandizement for its own sake, and without reference to any higher object. It is not from preferring virtue to wealth—the goods of the mind to those of fortune—the next world to the present—that he takes so little thought for the morrow; but from want of forethought, and of habitual self-control.

THE BLUEBIRD.

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees—
When snowbirds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of Spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasseling.

He sits among the dainty spray,
With mists of splendor round him drawn
And the Spring's prophetic veil
Sees Summer's rich fulfilment dawn;
He sings, and his is Nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
That thaws and runs when Spring is here.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebirds' songs and wings of Spring;
They tell me, after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming.
And after snow and cutting sleet
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the dales,
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

# HARD TIMES!

OR,

# The Real Victims of the Panic!

## A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

*Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.*

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A CHANGE IN CELIA'S FORTUNES.

The inquiries made by Nelson Chaswick of the Wiltons relative to their guest, Adaline De Graffe, resulted only in this: She had left the city for New York. Whither she had gone, there, they either did not know, or did not wish to tell.

The young man went to Mrs. Chaswick with this intelligence. It afforded her but slight relief from her apprehensions, for she knew not when her enemy would return to renew her persecutions.

But she did not sit down in idle waiting for any evil that might come. Mrs. Chaswick's life was not an idle one at any time. She employed herself almost constantly in ministering, as she found opportunity, to the comfort and happiness of others—chiefly the obscure and needy—engaging herself in works of private benevolence of various character.

Her great wealth enabled her to do this most effectually, and in her own way and season, without asking or waiting upon the co-operation of others.

Since the great panic, and the consequent increased distress and embarrassment to many who ordinarily were quite above the need of charitable assistance, she had been especially active.

Almost every afternoon her carriage was brought to her door, and usually unattended, save by her coachman (though she often felt the need of other companionship), she would drive to some quarter of the city where she knew wretchedness abounded, and make personal investigation into cases of want and suffering. Many an unfortunate family had come to know the elegant, sad-faced lady whose wise benevolence and tender heart had cheered their sad condition.

Mrs. Chaswick had long ago learned that the truest charity was not merely to give, but to teach others, or to enable others to help themselves. She rarely gave without investigation, except in obvious cases of destitution and misery.

Of late she had made it her mission to seek to relieve those on whom the consequences of the recent panic had been visited with ruinous severity. She found that its real victims were not the extreme poor, but in most cases those who had been used to respectable living, and had filled respectable positions in the world. On these the effects of the disaster pressed peculiarly hard. Many had invested their means and earnings in securities that were now practically worthless, lured thereto by the promise of large returns and rose-colored representations of various kinds.

Deprived suddenly both of their accumulations and of their work, this class of sufferers enlisted the lady's strongest sympathies. Many were relieved in an indirect but effective way, who, otherwise, would have suffered extremely, not only from actual destitution, but because of the humiliations their helpless position would have imposed upon them.

To her own tenants, of whom there were many in the city, Mrs. Chaswick was especially kind. She obtained a complete list of them from her agent, and then, in person, visited their homes, and inquired into their particular necessities.

One evening, after returning from such an expedition, Mrs. Chaswick related to her young friend, Mr. Chaswick, the experience of the afternoon.

"Now for my next case," she said, with considerable enthusiasm. "You will see that I have not only benefited another, but myself also. Through one of my collecting agents I lately learned that a worthy young girl, of good family, but entirely dependant upon her own exertions for support, had been notified by her landlady that she must, in default of payment of her board, give up her lodgings and seek another home. The young creature had tried and tried faithfully to obtain employment in her occupation of dressmaker, but had failed to find it. A perversity of ill-fortune appeared to attend her. Besides, her suffering health and a recent bereavement disqualified her for work. She is a girl of great delicacy of character, intelligence and refinement. I saw her, and was at once won by her evident worth. Her case appealed strongly to my sympathies. I have long felt the need of a female companion, one whom I could admit to an entire quality with myself as relates to my private home life. I have delayed until this late period in providing myself with such society, because I am very particular in my requirements. But, at last, I seem to have discovered the proper person for the position. It is this young girl."

"Her name, Mrs. Chaswick?" asked Nelson, with eager interest.

"Celia Burke."

"Celia Burke!" repeated he. "I have some knowledge of her myself."

"You, Mr. Chaswick?"

"Yes; some weeks ago, I chanced to become her protector in the street. It was night, and a ruffian had assaulted her. I overpowered the scoundrel, and saw Miss Burke to her home. I was interested in her, though I have not seen her since. I am sure that you will be pleased with her, Mrs. Chaswick, for she is not an ordinary person, despite her humble circumstances."

"I feel that I shall be," the lady answered. "She was very reluctant to accept my offer—she feared that she could not fill the situation to my satisfaction; but I prevailed upon her to try it, temporarily, at least."

"I shall meet this pure-faced girl again, perhaps," reflected the young man, with unconscious interest.

And he did meet her.

Celia, timid, shrinking and self-distrustful, came to the splendid home of Mrs. Chaswick, out of the shadows of penury to the glow and warmth of wealth.

She hardly comprehended her good fortune; was dismayed rather than pleased at the prospect; but heartsick, lonely and with means insufficient to meet her daily modest wants, she accepted the generous offer that had been made her. Change from the weariness and dreariness of her life she desired, though this seemed too great and grand to be entirely welcomed.

But the gentle persuasions, the sympathetic manner, and the sincerity of Mrs. Chaswick, had won her consent to the change.

When she first learned the name of her benefactor she had been surprised—dismayed, shall we say?—to find that it was the same as that of the gentleman who had rescued her from the ruffian of the street. She wondered if he was Mrs. Chaswick's son.

"No," declared Mrs. Miggs, who had some knowledge of the lady, in one of whose houses she lived, and to whom Celia had applied for information on the subject; "Mrs. Chaswick hasn't any children. You're lucky, Miss Celia. Maybe she'll make you her heiress. She's worth her millions they say, and I don't doubt it."

"If she will give me kind treatment—which I am sure, by her face, she will—and opportunity to make myself useful it is all I will ask," Celia had answered.

"You'll get good pay, too," said Mrs. Miggs, in a way that showed her appreciation of that matter.

Celia involuntarily thrilled with delight at this reminder, for she thought of the unredeemed ring.

"Ah! I will go," she murmured; "I will then be able to redeem the ring—the precious ring which, but for this happy chance, I fear I would have to lose."

So Celia went to her new and splendid surroundings. She did not long feel a stranger there. Mrs. Chaswick opened her heart to the bereaved and lonely girl, receiving her with a love and tenderness entirely beyond her expectations. The desire of the lady to find a congenial companion was more than realized.

As for Celia, her gratitude knew no limit. Faithful, unobtrusive, and in almost every way fitted for such gentle service as was most required of her, she ministered to Mrs. Chaswick as no menial could.

But had Celia known beforehand that she would there meet Nelson Chaswick again, would she have ventured to accept the offer that had been made her?

We think not. In her heart she glorified Mr. Chaswick. She felt that to see him would be to love him—in vain, of course, for he could never stoop to her.

But it might prove fatal to her peace, this secret, unrequited, hopeless love. Therefore, could Celia have chosen, it would have been never to know more of her ideal—for such Nelson Chaswick was to her.

But fate directed that their life-paths should cross.

One evening, before Celia could leave the parlor, a gentleman was ushered in by a domestic, and, looking toward him, she saw that it was Mr. Chaswick.

A flush of pleasure came into his face as he recognized her.

"I hoped to meet you again, Miss Burke," he said, with sincere pleasure expressed in his tone.

He detained her in conversation until Mrs. Chaswick entered.

Then Celia went out, feeling strangely thrilled by this brief second meeting.

The dark eyes of Mr. Chaswick followed her with unconscious admiration.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FACE TO FACE AGAIN.

One afternoon, shortly after the induction of Celia Burke into Mrs. Chaswick's household, a carriage drove to the front of her residence and halted. A lady alighted, elegantly dressed in deep mourning, with her features closely veiled.

She ordered the coachman to wait for her, and then rang the door-bell.

A servant appeared in answer to the summons.

"Is Mrs. Chaswick in?" asked the lady, in a husky voice, speaking as if the mere utterance of the name was painful to her.

"Yes, ma'am," said the domestic.

The lady produced a card, on which was written the name, "Mrs. Henry De Haven."

She handed it to the servant, who, after showing the visitor to the parlor, carried the card to her mistress.

"Mrs. Henry De Haven," read she. "I do not know her. Say to the lady that I will be down, Martha."

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Chaswick soon entered the parlor.

Near one of the front windows she saw the erect, dark-robed figure of her visitor.

The rich lace hangings had been drawn apart, and the blinds raised, so that there was sufficient light in the apartment to fully reveal the features of the stranger when she should turn.

This she did suddenly, as Mrs. Chaswick, with a gentle inquisitiveness of manner, approached.

A startled backward movement, and a gasping cry!—these by Mrs. Chaswick, when she saw the beautiful but malignant face before her.

It was that of her dreaded enemy, Adaline De Graffe, who had used the name of De Haven merely to make sure of a meeting.

"Am I welcome?" asked the woman, in a cold, sneering tone.

Mrs. Chaswick was too overcome to speak. She shivered with repulsion and fear, her limbs seemed about to fail in their support of her frame, and her features were pale as death.

"Do not faint," sneered Adaline—"do not, I beg of you. There are no witnesses, as at Mrs. Gillespie's, and the effect of the scene would be entirely wasted."

"Why do you come here, Adaline De Graffe?" demanded Mrs. Chaswick, in a measure roused to herself by the venemous, mocking words of her enemy.

"To renew our old relations, it may be. Until the other evening it had been long since we met."

"Would that we had never met," sighed Mrs. Chaswick.

"With all my soul I could join you in that wish, but it is too late now. You have assisted to make me what I am, and are now sighing over your own work."

Mrs. Chaswick, with a sort of pitying shudder, looked upon the face of her foe. It was a wonderful face, beautiful in spite of its now baleful expression. In repose it was passionless and cold, but the least emotion lent it instant animation. It was very fair, and marked with lines of care or suffering, but smooth and fresh, the complexion being marvellously pure and delicate. Evil passions, strong in the heart below, seemed to have no power to leave their trace on those statuesque features.

"Life appears to have gone prosperously with you," resumed Adaline, with a significant glance at the elegant surroundings, "since I last saw you. What a pity that your tenure of all these good things should be so insecure and uncertain. Perhaps, if I were to trouble you no more, this splendor would quite suffice for your happiness?"

"Happiness!" repeated Mrs. Chaswick, with a mournful pathos. "Oh, Adaline, you know the term has little meaning to me. Wealth I have—it pours in upon me from exhaustless sources, yet I am not to be satisfied with gold alone. Take my wealth, Adaline—my whole fortune if you will—and give me my lost child in exchange."

"Your child—your infant daughter, now, if living grown to womanhood? Are you sure that she yet lives?"

"Yes, Adaline, I feel it; and I believe that you could restore her to me."

Adaline laughed strangely.

"What if I *were* to give back the lost one to you?" she asked, with a vindictive gleam of her eyes. "It would only make my revenge the sweeter. I am almost minded to do as you desire, and then—"

"And then what, Adaline?"

"Proclaim your crime to the world, and make your child a witness of your punishment."

Mrs. Chaswick trembled violently as she answered:

"I am guilty of no crime of the dreadful character to which you refer; you know that, Adaline."

The woman laughed scornfully.

"It matters not what I know," she said, "but only what I can prove—that is, what I can give to judge and jury as evidences of the crime I could have you suffer for. Your own sister believed that she died by your hand."

The face of Mrs. Chaswick grew white with horror.

"Spare me these dreadful references," she implored. "Oh, Adaline De Graffe, what must be your heart, if your mouth can give utterance to the fearful falsehood by which you have now and heretofore endeavored to injure and terrify me?"

"Do I not hate you?" she returned, venomously. "Have I not failed in my revenge—in my complete revenge, as yet? Am I always to be baffled? I tell you, Agatha Chaswick, that in me you have an enemy to whom you need not look for mercy. I have not suffered my animosity to lessen during all these years. You know not what bitterness, what hardness of heart is mine. Had it not been for you my life would have been a different and a better one. It is a sad failure now, and in my heart, I confess to you I am miserably unhappy. Yet I see you prosperously fixed in the world, courted by society—and finding a partial good in existence—hollow as the show may be—while I find *no* pleasure save in evil-doing. My whole nature is corrupted—I feel it and know it, and yet I cannot change. I charge my misery upon you, and I will have my revenge."

Mrs. Chaswick turned in terror from the wild glare of Adaline's eyes.

"The woman *is* mad," she exclaimed to herself. "Poor creature! poor creature!"

Adaline seemed instantly to fathom the thought that was in the other's mind.

"I am not mad—do not think that," she cried. "If you were to, you would find at last that there is a method in my madness. Hear what I was about to say. The enmity I have declared against you may become more than satisfied in time—then I will release you from further persecution. On one condition I would bring you your child, and say that my revenge was accomplished."

Mrs. Chaswick stared at her enemy for a moment in a stupor of apprehension.

"You say you could restore my child to me," she then said, with a painful tremor of her voice, "and yet you hint that that act would not be one of kindness. Oh, Adaline! an awful thought seizes me; you have taken my child from me; you have placed her among surroundings of poverty and vice; you have permitted her to grow up ignorant, unrefined and unlovely; you have, perhaps, made the destruction of her moral nature certain; and now, a creature from whom even I, her mother, would shrink, you would bring her to me. Speak, Adaline, is *this* your revenge?"

Adaline had listened patiently, with a strange, quiet smile on her features. When Mrs. Chaswick had ceased she said:

"Spare yourself such painful imaginings. The facts are not what you picture them. I might have done that exquisitely cruel thing, I suppose, but I did not. Your child has escaped all perils of the kind you fear; has passed from surroundings of poverty to those of wealth; in short, has for years enjoyed all the advantages that money could buy, and made good use of them."

"Thank God for that! thank God for that!" ejaculated Mrs. Chaswick, fervently, while her hardened enemy only smiled to hear her. "Oh, Adaline, it has been my fear for long, long years that all the while my lost child was growing *from* me—becoming corrupted, vicious, degraded; for I know what dangers attend the friendless in a great city. The assurance that you give me that such is not the case with my lost one is most blessed to me. You cannot be wholly hardened, Adaline, since you have spared me an agony you might have inflicted upon me. You are not deceiving me?" she asked, suddenly, as if it had just occurred to her that her enemy might be so doing. "You——"

"No, no," interrupted Adaline, with a solemn air of truthfulness. "All is as I have said. But if I were to relent, and after awhile bring you your child, do you think there could be any room in your bosom for affection for the restored one? Has not Nelson Chaswick received it all?"

A mocking sneer and an inscrutable expression of countenance accompanied the question.

"Nelson Chaswick is very dear to me as a friend," replied Mrs. Chaswick, with outward calmness, but with a secret thrill, she knew not why.

"Ah! a very dear friend, indeed! Suppose, Agatha Chaswick," said Adaline, with a searching glance at the face of her hearer, as if she watched for the effect of her words upon it, "suppose that you had a *son* like this young man."

"Oh, Adaline!" gasped Mrs. Chaswick.

"What?"

"Why do you say that?"

"It occurred to me. But why need you be so agitated?"

"Such a wild, wild thought sometimes enters my mind when I think of Nelson Chaswick."

"What is that thought?"

"That he is my son."

Adaline laughed her cold, short laugh.

"How preposterous!" she said.

"Yes, it is impossible, of course. Yet I feel that if he were always to be with me, my yearning for my lost child would cease."

"And that child so near you, too—in this very city?"

"I know not the explanation of the feelings I sometimes have. Bring me my child, Adaline, that I may look upon her face. Soften your heart for a little while, even if you are more unmerciful afterwards."

"Perhaps I shall, perhaps I shall," she murmured in reply, though much as if to herself. "But I must leave you now; my coachman will be tired of waiting."

"Promise me before you go that you will let me see my child. Oh, Adaline, think how I have suffered all these weary years without her!"

"And what reason have you to complain of that? Have you not deserved it?" she demanded with a return of her old and fierce malevolence.

"I did you wrong, Adaline, I acknowledge; but if penitence and remorse are any expiation, then surely I deserve your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness! it is a hard word for me to use toward you, yet I may come to it—I may come to it."

Her manner gave Mrs. Chaswick slight hope.

"Oh, Adaline, say that you *can* forgive me—say that——"

She was interrupted by a fierce, impatient gesture of disdain, and the words:

"Don't cringe to me, don't plead and expostulate—it makes me hate you the more."

Mrs. Chaswick looked at her in a shocked and pitying way.

"And don't pity me," added Adaline; "I hate pity—your pity; I would rather you would hate me."

"I cannot do that, Adaline."

"You cannot! You are such a superior, angelic being, I suppose—you, a sororicide!"

Mrs. Chaswick could have shrieked with horror at the dreadful accusation.

"I had better go," said Adaline, in her cold, pitiless way; "I am carried away by my hatred of you. Good-bye; you shall hear from me again." And with these words she left the room and the house.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AT THE PAWNBROKER'S AGAIN.

It was not long after Celia Burke's fortunate induction into the household of Mrs. Chaswick before the liberality of her benefactress put her in possession of means sufficient to permit her to think of redeeming the pawned ring. Accordingly she soon found herself again at the shop of the pawnbroker.

In a day more the time for the redemption of the jewel would have expired, and its forfeiture would have followed.

Producing her ticket, Celia, with a glad countenance, asked for the ring.

The same crafty-eyed man whom she had seen before, met her at the counter. His sinister features assumed an expression of self-deprecation, as to Celia's painful surprise he said:

"Very sorry, miss, but I haven't the ring on hand. I was calculating you wouldn't be back for it."

"Oh, I am not to lose it, I hope?" trembled she. "I have the money here for its redemption; to whom did you sell it?"

"I did not sell it," replied the pawnbroker. "But a gentleman saw it, and it took his fancy; he asked me if I wouldn't let him wear it awhile, provided he gave security for its return. So I parted with it."

"But he agreed to return it, you say? Oh, I am so anxious about it. You should not have let it go from your possession."

"I suppose not," said the man, pretending to be quite disturbed in consequence of his unwarranted action in loaning the ring. "But I'll make it all right with you, miss; I'll give you more than the original worth of the jewel, and that ought to satisfy you."

"It would not satisfy me, I assure you. Money could not have induced me to part with the ring, had not my necessities been so great. You must return it, sir," she concluded firmly.

"Why need you value it so—just because it was your mother's?"

"Is not that reason enough why I should? A thousand pleasant associations are connected with it."

"Hem! yes," said the pawnbroker, indifferently. "Some folks do value sentiment; but I don't. Don't worry about the ring though, Miss; I'll fetch things all right again. Go to where this card directs, a week from to-day, and you'll receive the jewel."

Celia glanced at the card.

It read, No. ——, Hagner street.

"Why am I to go there for it?" she asked, uneasily.

"I'm about to change my place of business; I am obliged to leave here."

"I fear you are deceiving me," said Celia, plainly expressing her suspicion that such was his intention.

"Now, miss, that's unfair," returned he, affecting an injured air. "You've no right to insinuate anything like that. It's the first time I've ever been told to my face that I wasn't honest. But I don't resent it; I know you're disappointed and anxious about the ring, and you naturally think that I want to cheat you. But ask folks around here—folks who know me—if I am not to be trusted. I've lived in this neighborhood not less than twenty-five years, and when a man lives twenty-five years in the same place you may be sure he's honest. Come to me, at No. —— Hagner street, next Friday, and you will find that I'm what I am!"

This rather equivocal conclusion was remarked by Celia, who, with little abatement of her anxiety, asked:

"But where is Hagner street? I never heard of it."

The pawnbroker informed her of its locality.

"Neighborhood not the best," he added; "but I'm assured I can do a better business there than here."

"I should think you would not like to change after such a long residence in this place," remarked Celia, rather sharply.

"Ah, but you don't understand, miss. This is a rented property, and the other is my own. I'm going to it to save rent. And now, if you please, I'll wait on this gentleman coming in."

Celia considered herself dismissed at this. She left the shop, feeling that she had possibly been deceived throughout, but not knowing what to do, except to take the card the pawnbroker had given her, with a view to a visit to the place where it directed her.

But before she had gone more than three or four squares, a new thought occurred to her—she wondered why it had not before. She would go back and ask the pawnbroker to endorse her ticket as good for the redemption of the ring, so that on the occasion of its next presentation it might not be pronounced overdue, and consequently worthless.

Accordingly she turned back and re-entered the shop.

By this time there was another customer there, and to her surprise she saw that it was Madame Derveux. Celia had re-entered the shop quickly and quietly.

The gentleman who was there when she left came out just as she went in; only the pawnbroker and Madame Derveux were present.

So engrossed were they in the examination of some article before them that for a moment neither perceived that Celia was near. Madame Derveux's back was turned to her, and the pawnbroker might have imagined that none but the figure of the departing gentleman had just passed through the door. But, of course, it was only an instant before he saw that Celia had returned.

With a quick, nervous movement he endeavored to grasp something that Madame Derveux had just put down on the counter. But in his eagerness he blundered, and instead of securing what he apparently wished to conceal from Celia's observation, he struck it with his hand, and it fell ringing to the floor.

Celia's quick eye caught the flying flash of the object. She saw that it was a piece of jewelry, and when it rested on the floor, recognized her own precious ring.

In the pawnbroker's face was the chagrined look of a liar caught in a lie.

Madame Derveux, turning, was startled to see before her the figure of her late employee. A guilty look was in Madame's face also. Celia's first movement was to spring for the jewel and secure it.

This done, with an expression of pardonable triumph, she confronted the discomfited pair, who hardly knew what to say first.

So our heroine spoke, addressing the pawnbroker:

"Here is the money you advanced on the ring," she said, with the contempt that honesty always feels for rascality.

And she laid it and the ticket on the counter.

The fellow's true nature now revealed itself, and he said, insolently:

"I suppose you think I lied to you? Well, I did. I had the ring all the time, and intended to keep it. It's an old-fashioned thing, not actually worth the money I gave you on it."

"Then why did you desire to keep it—to defraud me of it?" demanded Celia, with both indignation and suspicion.

The presence of Madame Derveux served to strengthen a query that had before risen in Celia's mind—whether it was possible that some secret was connected with the ring. She had again and again wondered why Madame Derveux had shown her such hostility.

She could not think that jealousy on account of Marie Derveux was the only reason for it.

"Never mind—just yet at least—why I wanted to keep it," returned the pawnbroker in reply to Celia's question. "I might just have a fancy for such bits of trash. I might want to keep you awhile, too."

The fellow had moved toward the door as if to prevent her egress.

Celia was alarmed; both in this movement and the man's words there was a plain threat conveyed.

"You won't go to Hagner street now, I reckon?" he asked, impudently. "Of course not; therefore my plan falls through. Don't be alarmed, miss, but you can't go from here just now. It ain't safe for you to be about. *There's an advertisement out for you!*"

His looks expressed more and more hostility. Celia felt like screaming out; but there was Madame Derveux. Her presence was a sort of protection, even though she was no friend.

Suddenly the pawnbroker, first glancing toward the door of his shop to see that no one was entering, snatched a shawl that lay on a chair, and threw it over Celia's head. She struggled violently, but was soon overpowered, for the man, small of figure as he was, had an extraordinary strength in his sinewy arms.

Madame Derveux was greatly alarmed to witness this scene of violence; not that she sympathized with the assaulted girl, but because she feared consequences to herself, as the reflection that she might be implicated in the outrage entered her mind.

"Don't bind her, Cregar," she called, to the pawnbroker. "What if some one should come in?"

"That's what I am afraid of," he returned, in an excited breath. "Open that door, please."

He pointed to a door in the rear of the shop.

"Quick!" he gasped.

Madame Derveux obeyed.

Celia was then lifted from the floor by the villainous pawnbroker, and conveyed, almost insensible now, to a small and obscure apartment just behind the shop-room.

He then more carefully bound her. He even suggested gagging her, but Madame Derveux was not so hardened as not to protest against that.

"It wouldn't hurt her," declared the fellow; "and I must make her safe. Since we've begun this thing we might

as well marry is through. We may make a handsomer sum than any we have yet obtained if she gets loose now. That new advertisement will be sure to catch her eye, and then we can't bleed old Spiker any more. How fortunate that you came in with the intelligence that there is another advertisement out for her. And how fortunate she came back. I declare though I hardly knew what I was about when I sprang upon her; I just went by impulse. It was a bold thing to do in open day, right there in my shop. But since we were not discovered——"

"Don't say *we*, say yourself," interposed Madame Derveux, feeling very uncomfortable at the criminal turn the affair had taken.

"Well, just as you choose; only you mustn't blab. I was about to say that this girl is nothing but an obscure sewing girl—as I remember you know, though—and, therefore, nobody will miss her. Don't get scary, madame, we'll get our money yet."

"But what will you do with the girl?"

"Oh, I'll manage to get her down to Hagner street to-night, and she'll be perfectly safe there, till we've done with bleeding Spiker."

"And then what?" asked the woman, nervously.

"Oh, I don't know; there's time enough to think of that. Maybe she'll die; it's a mighty unhealthy place down there; fever, dirt and so forth—smallpox, for anything I know."

"I don't suppose it will be much worse for her there, though, than it would be bending over a sewing-machine, when her health is so poor," said Madame Derveux, as if to prepare her conscience for the event, in case Celia should die. She did not know that Celia had found better employment.

"Oh, no; sewing brings on consumption, you know, if one does much of it."

Madame Derveux didn't look as if consumption had made much progress in her case.

"Now I must go back to my shop," continued the villain, in the same cautious, though rapid utterance he had all along used. "There may be a dozen customers in, and they'll think it queer there's no one to attend to them."

"And I must get out of this without being seen," said madame, anxiously.

"Well, I have a private way; take that door."

Glancing in the direction his finger pointed, she saw that egress was promised in a safe manner. With a parting and half-pitying look at the form of the helpless girl, the mercenary woman, who had now been led further into crime than she had at first thought she would be, went out.

The pawnbroker applied to Celia's nostrils a vial containing some pungent mixture, thus to secure her further insensibility, and then also left her.

We may here say that the collusion of these two—Cregar and Madame Derveux—in this daring wrong was a matter of very recent arrangement. They had had dealings before, but not of the present character.

Each had chanced to discover that money was to be made out of facts relating to Celia Burke. The accidental reading of an advertisement, and subsequent investigation had informed the one; the ring and chance knowledge of some other circumstances had enlightened the other.

A desire to secure an able partner to join her in her black-mailing of Moses Spiker, had induced Madame Derveux to apply to Cregar, the pawnbroker; and so they had become confederates in the plot.

When one step is taken in criminal enterprises another often becomes very necessary. Madame Derveux had gone further than she had premeditated already. But rather than turn back, she was prepared to go still further; and so the prospect for Celia Burke, with two such plotters against her, was surely very dark.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHRISTMAS OF THE WOODSONS.

It is time our narrative returned to our friends, the Woodsons.

Christmas! Christmas!

The shop windows told it everywhere. It seemed as if no panic had been known, as if poverty and want could not exist, with so much brightness, such fullness of good things near.

The day was neither cold nor gloomy, though cheerless enough to many.

Thousands of homes felt as before the genial influences of the festival. But in many others the return of this ancient holiday brought little happiness.

It is hard to sit by a cold hearth, an empty or scantily spread board, to look upon comfortless surroundings, and yet be happy. No wonder that the poor and suffering sometimes forget that "peace on earth good will to men" was ever proclaimed; no wonder that they too often regard life as a warfare, in which every man's hand is against his brother.

Such bitterness as this did not enter the heart of either John Woodson or his wife, as they beheld the Christmas dawn; but they could not resist the mutual thoughts that their lot was harder than it ought to be—especially the former could not.

"Christmas, Mary; merry Christmas!" was John's greeting to his wife, in a sort of moody pleasantry.

"It is not a *merry* Christmas, John; I cannot bring my lips to say that. We are poor in purse and health, but I am grateful for what good we have."

"It is easily counted, Mary."

"Just think, John, if we haven't a good bit—ourselves and our boys, and some faith yet in the dear Lord's goodness."

"But not much coal or provisions," qualified he, with an asperity he could not stifle.

"John!" said Mrs. Woodson, in a pained and gently reproving way, "I am afraid you speak too lightly."

"Lightly? if what I said isn't serious I don't know what is, Mary."

"But there was a levity in your remark; never jest about Providence, John."

"It seems to me, wife, that Providence does or permits some queer things. It lets Burton, the banker, take our four hundred dollars to buy a Christmas feast, while we haven't enough to purchase a turkey the size of a partridge."

"John, John," pleaded Mary, whose gentle soul was greatly disturbed to hear such expressions from her husband; "you must not say such things; it is wicked."

"But isn't it so?"

"It is true that Andrew Burton has his turkey, no doubt, and his wife and other luxuries besides, while we have only cause, sad and sore enough at that. "But I don't envy him; bitter in my mouth would be the morsel I provided from the stolen earnings of the poor."

"I don't believe it tastes bitter to him, Mary. He will sit at his late dinner in the shine of his silver and the sparkle of his glass. That's how Andrew Burton will spend his Christmas, and as for any bitter taste left in his mouth, because the luxuries he feasted upon were paid for by his defrauded creditors, I guess it won't be there."

"But won't a secret, inward sense of wrong-doing disturb him? You don't think he can be really happy, do you?"

"Well, if he does feel qualmish in conscience, he will send out a few extra baskets of cold victuals to the poor; maybe some of the stuff will chance to come this way."

John spoke with a bitter scorn. The idea of receiving charity in any way was repugnant to him.

"How mean I would feel, Mary, if somebody was to poke in here to-day, asking if we wouldn't accept this or that of what they might offer. *I've been so*, you know——"

His wife interrupted him, not with a word but a shudder.

"But," he resumed, "I don't think I felt so bad then—being innocent—as I would feel to eat the bread of charity. We haven't done that yet, thank the Lord."

"I'm glad to hear you thank the Lord," said his wife, with a pleasant seriousness, "for thereby you recognize Him."

Within the few preceeding days, John had obtained some work, temporarily, and he had earned enough, united with Freddie's profits, to tide his family over the holiday period.

"The holiday period!" he more than once ejaculated to himself, as he heard the term mentioned; it had got to be too much holiday.

At ten o'clock of Christmas day the letter carrier rang at John Woodson's door.

Freddie answered the call, and ran back in considerable excitement with a letter addressed to his mother.

"A letter for me!" she exclaimed, in some surprise, as she surveyed the outside of the business-looking missive. "Who can it be from, I wonder? I don't often get letters, and this one is addressed in an entirely strange hand."

"Suppose you open it, and find out," suggested her husband, who was also wondering what it meant.

Mary commenced to read the letter aloud.

It ran as follows—the money was no charity gift:

MRS. MARY WOODSON: Having lately learned the circumstances under which you deposited a sum of money, amounting to four hundred dollars, with the banking firm of which I was a member, I have investigated them fully, and cannot rest until I have made you all the reparation at present possible. I regard the acceptance of your deposit, at a time when it was known by us that our suspension was inevitable, as an act of the basest fraud. You will believe me, perhaps, when I say that I had no cognizance of the case until my attention was called to it by hearing a rumor to the effect that a dependant woman had been so dealt with by our firm. While I do not disclaim the disgrace as a member of the house so acting, I do as an individual. Accept for your present needs the enclosed sum of fifty dollars, with the assurance that, as soon as I can accomplish such an act of justice, I will see that you receive the remainder of the principal, with interest to time of payment. My entire fortune is involved in the disaster that has overtaken me, but, I am proud to say that, though I shall be for a time without a dollar, I shall not be without a sustaining sense of honor—a consciousness that I have not sullied my integrity. The sum I hereby send you is a loan from a friend, to whom I applied, knowing he could trust me for reimbursement. I have not drawn upon the assets of our dishonored house for the money, for the creditor is not in the law to be preferred above another. But yours is a special case, which I seek to relieve in this private way, because I believe in moral as well as legal right. You shall hear from me again on this subject in a very short time. Very truly yours,

JAMES COLVILLE.

Mary Woodson had read this letter in a rapid, rejoicing way, her thankful enthusiasm growing at every word.

Her husband could hardly "hold in" until she reached the end.

"Glory! glory!" he ejaculated in a breath of mingled gladness, fervor and surprise.

"To the Lord," amended his wife, reverently; "for an honest man is His noblest work."

"I agree with you, Mary; Mr. Colville is a—is a——"

"Brick!" shouted Freddie, who comprehended what the letter meant, and thought the term he used was strong praise.

"Freddie, hush! what are you saying? Here, John, is the money. How glad and rich we are! We will long remember this Christmas, won't we?"

"Yes," said John; "and I'll try to think that all the distress of the panic is not borne by poor folks alone. Mr. Colville must have been one of its victims as well as us. He's a different man from that Burton, I see."

Long and variedly did John Woodson talk over the event of the day; but they did not fail to provide their Christmas feast, and it was with joyful hearts indeed that they sat down to it.

Nor in their gladness did they think of themselves alone. They could not afford to give much to others, of course; but in the next house but one in their street, boarded a widow of whom they had some knowledge. They knew she was unable to pay her board-bill for the week. Freddie had learned from her landlady's son that she (the widow) "had got to go." Her income, slender but sufficient, had been derived from government bonds, registered and perfectly safe. She had been prevailed upon to change them for worthless railroad securities, with a promise of larger interest. The result was—ruin. But her heart was, that Christmas day, made glad by the payment of her over due board bill by good Mary Woodson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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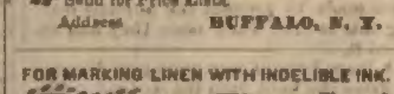

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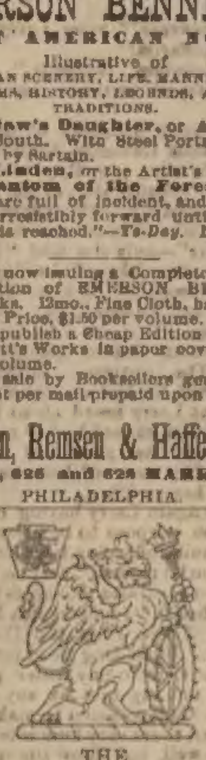

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### ALL ABOUT LOVE.

It always was the mystery
Of mysteries to me,
Why lovers should be so absurd;
Can anybody see?
And, since the thing which puzzles me,
Has puzzled scores, as well,
If there is anybody knows,
Will anybody tell?

Somebody loves me, I am sure,
I think I love him, too:
If foolish actions are a proof,
Our evidence will do!
I thought we both had common sense,
Yet manage as we may,
We never say the thing we mean,
Nor mean the thing we say.

I wonder if the wedding-ring
Would bind or break the charm?
I can't see how, in such a case,
It could do any harm.
And then I know that married folks,
Though how I cannot say,
Do manage with their love so well,
It's never in the way!

The very thought afflicts my mind
With such despondent fits,
That if I part with him, I fear
I'll part with half my wits:
And if the priest should make us one,
In name and spirit, too,
I know I'd be beside myself—
So what am I to do?

## FLYING FROM FATE.

BY DAN DE LYONS.

When Dr. Lawrence Darrons, Surgeon U. S. N., left Rome for Naples in the winter of 18—, he was recovering from two serious complaints. The first was fever, caught while imprudently roaming by moonlight in the vicinity of the Cometti Palace; the second, the original cause of his imprudence, a fever of love for the beautiful young Raffaella Cometti, whose susceptible heart had felt the mesmerism of the dashing young American's manly beauty, but alas! not sufficiently to overcome her family's pride, and perhaps her own; for she was—legally at least—her own mistress. She had received her American lover's last visit alone, and with charming good-nature, had lightly warned him away from his meditated proposal. She had even been confidential with him. And thereby hangs the tale. The Duke De Chartreuse had written from Paris offering his hand.

"Marry him!" she cried; "a man with one foot in the grave! Never! And the worst of it is, Uncle Filippo declares that he had it from a gipsy that I was fated to be the Duchess De Chartreuse."

"But you will not?"

"I would fly to the end of the world first."

And she bade him adieu almost like a sister.

Three days later Doctor—or, as he was called by his intimate friends, "Larry" Darrons was domesticated in the suburbs of Naples, in a small villa belonging to his friend, Mr. Slipkin, then riding on camels in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai.

This villa, or cottage—for it partook of that two-fold nature—a monument to the cultured taste of its owner, was one in which Ruskin himself might have been happy. From three sides it commanded Naples, Vesuvius, and the bay. The windows on the fourth side overlooked the garden of a small but neat suburban inn,—but then it was easy enough to keep the curtains down on that side. And for weeks they remained so; when, at last, one was accidentally drawn, Lawrence Darrons discovered that he had all along been hiding the most interesting of his four perspectives.

After looking over into the inn garden, the Doctor, for some reason, took down Mr. Slipkin's Tennyson and read "The Gardener's Daughter." Then he went out for a walk, stopping at the inn on the way home. Then coming back to his pipe and his window, he took down Boker's Poems and read "The Grocer's Daughter." Next morning he called his valet, Francisco, a light-hearted, light-headed, light-footed, and, as it turned out in the end, light-fingered lad from Naples, and questioned him:

"The landlord's daughter?"

"Si Signor," said Francisco, the doctor's valet.

"And her name, you say, Bianca?"

"Si Signor."

"And that young fellow in jacket and breeches, peasant, fisherman or what not, who is constantly sailing round the bay in a yacht, but who always happens in whenever she shows herself among the grape vines—have you noticed him?"

"No, Signor."

"Notice him, then, and report progress—will you? That will do."

By noon next day the doctor knew that Pedro—— (last name not stated; immaterial anyhow) was a sort of half guest, half clerk, at the inn; had been there but a short time; had arrived from nobody knew where; employed himself in his leisure hours in fishing or sailing about the bay in a fast boat; had several times taken the landlord's daughter—

"Yes, I know that," said the young surgeon. "You may go."

"Si Signor."

"Stop! Come back! You have seen this young damsel?"

"Oh, *Si* Sign——"

"Let me finish, will you? You have seen her face to face, haven't you?"

"Si Signor; oh, si."

"Harkye, Francisco, I'm tired of your everlasting 'si.' In future say ya, Meinheer; or provide yourself——"

"Si—ya," said Francisco.

"Well, why don't you answer me? You have been nearer this girl than I have. My glimpses of her have been caught either when she was half hidden by her window-curtains, or dodging about among those confounded vines; and then that execrable cap she wears, after some unregenerate peasant fashion—not Italian, certainly—disguises her almost. Tell me, is she really as pretty and delicate close by as she is——what are you flourishing your arms about for?"

"If the Signor," said Francisco, "will deign to look out of the window at this moment——"

"Eh? All right. You can go."

So saying, the young man ensconced himself behind the lace curtain, which, transparent to him was sufficiently opaque to any one outside; and, drawing up an arm-chair, disposed himself comfortably to study as pretty a rustic picture as any of those wherewith Mr. Slipkin—who rather affected that particular style of painting, being a bachelor—had adorned his walls.

At a door opening from one of the inn gables which projected from the rear far into the garden, Bianca stood in conversation with her young admirer, Pedro. Lawrence started when his eyes thus for the first time fell full upon the girl's face and figure, partly because she was even handsomer than he had supposed, and partly from being struck with an idea, which he instantly dismissed as preposterous.

"Maaniello," said he, as he looked from the girl to Pedro, who, leaning on a wine-cask at the door, was looking up into the fair face that, turned steadily away from him, was still further shielded by the delicate hand which the girl lifted to her temple, as if to shut out the intense light of her lover's longing eyes.

"I," said Lawrence, with a sigh, for he had begun to hope that Bianca and Naples might help him to forget Rome, "may as well go to the other window and look at Vesuvius."

He did not go, however, for he found that he could catch now and then a word from Pedro—or even a sentence, which, aided by the earnest gestures of the young Italian, interpreted pretty nearly all of his impassioned and, to judge from the young girl's heightened color, lifting and falling lashes, smilingly parted lips, and more and more yielding attitude, decidedly effective eloquence. As for Bianca, though her pretty mouth framed its answers duly, her tones were almost, and her words entirely inaudible. It was wrong, of course, to stand there watching that unconscious pair; and the doctor was just saying to himself, "Come, come, Larry Darrons, this won't do. You *must* go and look at Vesuvius," when Pedro's arm, against which Bianca had been leaning, without knowing it, of course, was folded gently around her waist, and her pretty head dropped down suddenly on the lad's flushed and upturned face, while her hands, no longer of use to shield her eyes, met round his neck, and for one blessed, blissful moment the two, thus blindfolding each other to all outward things, stood together in forgetfulness of aught save each other.

Then Larry Darrons did go and look at Vesuvius, feeling instinctively that a volcano was a congenial object of contemplation under existing circumstances.

How he got through that evening Larry never could remember. He had certainly never been in love with the innkeeper's daughter. But then he had fully intended to be in self defence against the too lovely Countess Raffaella, and it may be questioned whether he were not to the full as gloomy when he put down the "gardner's daughter" for the second time and flung himself upon a lounge to think, not sleep, as when he went out at the massy portal of the Cometti Palace a rejected man.

He had been thinking, not sleeping, for some three or four hours, when he was awakened by footsteps and low voices close to the study window, followed instantly by the wild shriek of a woman!

Franciscus, livid with terror, came rushing down stairs, adding to his master's first nervousness on awakening the thought that he too might be an assailant, and in league with those outside.

His appearance, however, as the moonbeams fell full upon his face, at once cleared his character, and master and man sprang to the corridor together just in time to see a figure in white borne by two others swiftly down a ladder from a high window of the inn gable, and carried, sending up shriek on shriek, towards the bay.

"Quick! quick! Come on!" cried Larry, catching a revolver from its place on his desk, and rushing into the hall to tug at the fastenings of the door. "They're carrying off that girl."

Then the door came open, and in the brilliant Italian moonlight could be seen plainly a group of men running toward the shore, beyond which a strange sail shone white above the bright water. Pursuing the fugitives was one solitary figure far in advance of the frightened party now issuing from the inn.

There is a sickening sense of helplessness attendant upon finding yourself robbed, no matter how trifling the loss, and though Larry was a stranger to the poor girl thus snatched in the dead of night from home and friends, it was with a feeling akin to despair that he saw that there was no hope of overtaking them before they could spring into their boat and scull to the yacht dancing merrily in the moonlight on the waves.

He was afraid to fire upon the party lest in the obscurity he should wound the girl, and a like feeling seemed to restrain the people from the inn, though their weapons glittered in the moonlight. As for the retreating band they seemed only intent upon making their escape.

Besides the outrage and horror of the thing, it was humiliating that a woman should be carried off by a few ruffians from a greatly superior force of her friends to whom she was screaming for help, and as Larry ran, he raged inwardly, but in vain, till across his path came the solitary pursuer running parallel with the shore. It was Pedro.

"This way," cried he, to Larry, "my boat, my boat!"

"Good!" shouted the American, "we are saved—where is it?"

"Behind those trees in a cove. Come on!"

They were running side by side—they were crashing through some underbrush and the twigs were stinging Larry's face—they were at the water's edge—they were on board and tearing round to make sail—they were moving out from the cove upon the bay, and Larry had heard the cry of dismay from the chase and of exultation from the shore before it occurred to him to say:

"But Pedro, my lad, we are but two and they are at least half a dozen."

"Look," said Pedro. And again Larry cried "saved!" for Pedro's boat carried a small swivel gun.

"Is it loaded?" Larry asked.

"Yes, and I can sail all round them," replied Pedro.

A statement presently demonstrated by the rapidity with which the sailboat overhauled the chase.

"Scoundrels!" shouted Pedro, as they came within hailing distance. "Surrender the Countess Cometti, or I'll sink you."

"The Countess Cometti!" cried Larry, almost letting go the mainsheet and tiller in his amazement.

"There is no countess on this boat," was the answer.

"Liar!" shouted Pedro, preparing to discharge his gun.

"No, no!" screamed a woman's voice; "he tells the truth. Don't shoot Signor Pedro—it's only me. I was sleeping in her room for safety."

To Larry's increased surprise, his companion at this announcement gave a shout, and laughed so that he was fain to lean against the mast.

"Gentlemen!" cried he, as soon as he could speak intelligibly, and could make the men in the yacht hear him above their own clamor and the curses of one, apparently an Englishman, who seemed their leader—"Gentlemen, I condole with you on your mistake, but, as I presume you don't want to carry off my landlord's grandmother, I'll take her back in my boat, if you say so."

It seemed that this offer would be accepted, for the chase lay to while Larry brought the sailboat alongside, Pedro still keeping at the gun, ready to send a shot among the foe on the least hostile demonstration, and continuing to banter them on their failure, while the poor, shivering old lady was helped on board his own vessel.

As the boats parted company, however, Pedro's tone changed.

"I know you, Sir Harry Carden," said he, gravely and sternly; "and you'll hear more of this. You are not among the boys of Ireland."

The hostile chief made no reply, and the marauding bark soon dwindled to a speck upon the shining waters.

"The Countess Cometti!" said Larry, as Pedro's boat rapidly made the shore. "Will you allow me to inquire?"

"You may inquire, signor, but you must pardon me if I decline to reply."

Foremost of the group at the landing stood innkeeper and his daughter, and the rescued old lady was helped out and handed in among her friends to be hurried back to bed.

Bianca came up to Pedro and took both his hands in hers:

Flying from Fate.

"And you periled your life," said she, "as you supposed, for my rescue?"

"It was not I alone, signorina," answed Pedro; "this English signor here——"

"American, under your favor," said Larry, advancing, delighted to have so favorable an opportunity of making Bianca's acquaintance.

"Indeed," said she, "I should have expected no less from my friend, Dr. ——"

"Good heavens!" cried Larry; "the Countess Raffaella!"

"The Countess Raffaella!" echoed Pedro, in equal surprise, real and assumed.

"Or the foster-daughter of this good couple, Bianca Raffaella, Countess Cometti," said she, proudly; "and" she added, more proudly still, as she put her arm within Pedro's, "the future wife of as truehearted and brave a man as there is in all Italy"—only she said "Italia," with an inexpressibly soft dwelling upon the open vowels as if, however, much she loved her husband, she loved her land no less.

There was no further time for explanation. The countess, escorted by Pedro, started for Rome in the morning, and the next Larry heard about her was of the sensation caused by her resolve to marry beneath her rank, and to marry speedily. The news of her was an invitation to her wedding.

And now again Larry having returned to Rome on purpose to be present, had an opportunity of seeing her alone.

"Will you let me ask," said he, "what brought you *incognito* to Naples?"

She laughed. "I had no idea I was so near you. I fled from the Duke De Chartreuse. I had long been promising just such a visit to my foster parents; oh, it was not my first by any means! and I took that occasion to make it. I had not been there very long when Pedro came and—well, you know the rest."

"And, pardon me, you are resolved, notwithstanding—no—never mind."

"Resolved to marry him notwithstanding the difference in our rank. I will say it for you. Yes, I shall always be to him the peasant girl Bianca, and dearer to him, so I believe, than as I really am."

"From the little I have seen of Pedro," Larry answered, generously, "I should say that peasant girl or princess would matter little to him."

"Thank you," said she, and they were parting the best of friends, when Pedro himself appeared.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but the last remark reached me. Bianca, can you say the same?"

"Indeed I can," she answered, "prince or peasant, all I ask is you."

"Thank you," said he, taking her hand; "then, love, as our marriage is so near, and the words are still on your lips, I may as well take this opportunity to tell you what I told your nearest friends some days ago——. Now don't look so startled, dearest, it's nothing of consequence, only that I——"

"That you are not—not below me in rank?"

"Not much below you, sweet. In fact, I'm sorry for it, but you must blame my grandfather who died just before I saw you in Rome and asked for your hand."

"Asked for my hand?"

"Yes."

"And you are——"

"Yes, love—the Duke De Chartreuse."

"Oh, you traitor!" cried his betrothed, but she yielded to his embrace, for who can avoid their fate?

## CATCHING ELEPHANTS.

The following is an account of the capture of a herd of wild elephants, numbering forty-nine head, in the Mysore District, India. An irrigating canal wound through a dense jungle, at some points approaching a small river, at others stretching away from it into the jungle. In one place a bend of the canal formed, with the river, an inclosure in the shape of a horseshoe, containing about fifteen acres of wooded ground. To this place elephants were in the habit of resorting during the monsoon, crossing the canal at three or four points where the banks had become trodden down by constant use. In order to trap the entire herd two lines of chains were stretched across the river at the ends of the horseshoe, and a trench was dug on the river bank to cut off escape on that side. The elephants having crossed into the inclosure the fords were barricaded with cocoanut trees, the canal deepened at those places, and two deep trenches cut from the canal to the river. Fires were kept up at night on the banks of the canal. Meanwhile a deep, circular trench was dug, inclosing about an acre of ground, and two parallel trenches were also dug, leading from the horseshoe to this small inclosure. Drop-gates were made to prevent the animals leaving this *keddah* when once they had entered it.

A large force of men were now directed to drive the herd into the *keddah*. The first attempt failed, the elephants stampeding back into the horseshoe after a few of them had entered the inclosure. A second effort was crowned with success. First came a female, with her calf; then seven other females, and after a while on came the entire herd, with a rush, males, females and calves of all sizes, like a herd of rather large pigs, jostling and pushing one another through the gateway. When the last was in, down went the gate and they were all secured.

The catching of the elephants one by one was the work of several days. The men ride in among them on tame beasts and put ropes round their legs and necks, after which the tame elephants drag them out in spite of all resistance, and they are chained one by one to trees to be trained at leisure. They do not mind the tame elephants mixing with them at all, even with men on their backs, but they object strongly to the men on the ground, who have to put on the ropes.

### A VALUABLE SECRET.

If the anecdote is old, the lesson of life it bears can never grow old, any more than can the divine lessons of the Sermon on the Mount.

It is related of Franklin that from the window of his office he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house which was being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day, Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"It's no secret, doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement, and a blessing, with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and then tea is sure to be ready; and as we chat in the evening I find she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to say an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody."

And Franklin adds:

"What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Cousin Lilian. Home of My Childhood. Across the Sea. Old Aunt Hannah. My Little Stratagem. The Haunted House. Lost and Won. The Happy Wife. Gentle Words. Marion's Atonement. How She Won Him. Nothing Venture, Nothing Have.

### CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

F. K. SWAIN.—Your answer to diamond puzzle in No. 33 is quite correct.

VINDEX.—The initials R. I. P. stand for Requiescat in Pace, signifying "Rest in Peace."

J. B. WILSON (Atlanta, G.)—We have sent your letter to the office of the journal mentioned.

R. W.—*Sic* means "thus," and, when used as you say, is intended to show that the word or matter quoted is given literally.

FANNIE.—You must have given him some encouragement, or we do not think he would so persist. And even now, if you really wish to get rid of him, we cannot see that it would be a very difficult matter to accomplish.

H. R. H.—"What was the derivation of the name California? I have never seen it explained anywhere." The name was derived from the Spanish "Caliente Fornalia," signifying hot furnace, in allusion to the climate.

ROBERT B. P. (Rome).—The author of "Chandos," "Strathmore," "Under Two Flags," and other very popular novels, who writes under the pseudonymn of "Ouida," is a lady, a Miss De La Ramie. 2. We don't know what "Scott" you refer to. If you mean Sir Walter Scott, he was not the author of the work you refer to.

PERPLEXED WIFE.—If you have faith in your husband's proposed reformation, and believe that henceforth he will be good and kind to you, and also if, as you say, you have never ceased to love him, then you should certainly consent to live with him again. It is very sad that you should ever have felt obliged to separate yourself from him.

E. A. T.—Note paper can be perfumed by the addition of perfume to the writing-case or box in which the paper is kept. You should select the perfume you yourself prefer, choosing, of course, a powdered perfume. 2. You should believe your lover in preference to any mere gossip current about him. "Love's best habit is in seeming trust." 3. Your handwriting is very neat.

CENTENNIAL.—The "Liberty Bell" that was rung in Philadelphia on the Declaration of Independence on July 8th, 1776, was placed in position in the steeple of the old State House in Philadelphia, in June, 1753. The motto upon it is "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," which you will find in Leviticus, chap. xxv: 10.

L. H. (Phœnixville).—"Can you tell me how many words there are in the Bible? I saw once a statement about it, but, of course, now that I want to know, cannot find it." The number of words has been stated to be 3,566,480. Of course we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the figures, but we have every reason to believe, reckoning by the average number of letters in a line, that the number given is not very far from the truth.

A. P.—We do not, under any circumstances whatever, discuss questions in theology; of this, if you are, as you say, a regular reader of the Post, you should have been aware. If you are really very desirous of being satisfied on the points you have referred to us, you should consult one or two of the standard histories of England, and from the statements you will find therein, aided by your own coolness of judgment and mental acumen, you must draw your own deductions.

M. A. J. B. (Texas).—You should dampen your hair frequently with the following preparation: An ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor powdered fine and dissolved in one quart of boiling water; when cool it is ready for use. You will find this wash will cleanse and strengthen the hair, prevent that splitting at the end you complain of, preserve the color, and check any tendency to early baldness. 2. We know nothing regarding the book. 3. Handwriting is very good indeed.

IGNORAMUS.—"Can you tell me when the battle of Harlem Plains was fought? I know I ought to know and to find out for myself, but I have no history handy just now, and want to know." The battle of Harlem Plains was fought on the 16th September, 1776, between American troops, under Colonel Knowlton and Major Leitch, and detachments of the British army, which was then in possession of New York city and the lower part of Manhattan Island. Knowlton and Leitch were both killed, but their troops were victorious.

MISS M. L. P.—We highly commend you for the course you have pursued, and we hope you will persist in your resolution to have no more companionship with the young gentleman until he has thoroughly reformed his bad habits. If young ladies only knew the power for good they really possess over their lovers, and would exercise it at the proper time, very much of after misery would be avoided, and steady, economical habits would be engendered in young men, instead of as is too often now the case, a few days' dissipation, a fortnight's repentance, and then another break out.

C. B. G.—We think you have somewhat mistaken the meaning and design of this department of our paper. In this column we endeavor, so far as lies in our power, to assist any of our readers who may apply to us either for advice or information upon matters on which they are either ignorant or unable themselves to gain the desired knowledge. But when you ask us to tell you "which is the nearest slaughter house to your residence, how many times a week they kill, on what days, and at what hours?" it seems to us that you are demanding a little too much from us. The butcher with whom you deal will in all probability tell you all you want to know.

S. A. M.—The origin of the Liberty Cap is as follows: After the death of Julius Cæsar, the conspirators marched out in a body with a cap as the ensign of liberty, for which they professed to have contended, carried before them on a spear. There was a medal struck on the occasion, which, with the above device, is still extant. The same symbol is said, however, to have been used by one Saturnarius in his sedition of 263 A. D., who, when he had possessed himself of the Capitol, exalted a cap on the top of a spear as a token of liberty to all slaves who had joined him. There are besides other incidents, all of the same kind, which show that the cap was a recognised part of the ancient dress of a freeman, and hence chosen as a symbol of liberty.

ALFRED.—"What are gold pens tipped with? Some one told me it was done with diamonds. Is it so?" Gold pens are tipped with iridium, making what are commonly called "diamond points." The iridium for this purpose is found in small grains in platinum, slightly alloyed with the latter metal. In this form it is exceedingly hard, and well adapted to the gold pen maker. The gold for pens is alloyed with silver to about sixteen carats fineness, rolled into thin strips, from which the blanks are struck. The under side of the point is notched by a small circular saw, to receive the iridium point, which is selected by the aid of a microscope. A flux of borax and a blow-pipe secure it to its place, and the point is then ground on a copper wheel with emery.

O. T. J.—"Please tell me who were the authors of the celebrated 'Essays and Reviews' which made so much noise in England some years ago; and also, if you can, the titles of some of the answers to the same which were published shortly afterwards, and by whom they were written?" The authors of the "Essays and Reviews," which were published in an 8vo. volume in March, 1860, were six clergymen and one layman of the Church of England, viz., the Revds. Drs. Fred. Temple and Rowland Williams, Baden Powell, H. B. Wilson, Mark Pattison, B. Jowett and Mr. C. W. Goodwin. The most remarkable among the works put forth in reply were the "Aids to Faith," by the Bishop of Gloucester, and "Replies to Essays and Reviews," by the Bishop of Oxford (S. Wilberforce).

J. G. N. (Clarion, Pa.)—"Why are the terms 'threepenny, fourpenny, sixpenny and tenpenny,' applied to nails? I have asked this question from a great many, but have never received an answer that I thought was satisfactory." The following is the reason: In the early history of the country all nails were forged by hand, that is wrought, and in those days our currency was pounds, shillings and pence. Each sized nails were sold by so many pennies per hundred. The usual way was to ask for fourpenny nails, sixpenny, etc. Hence, it became a custom in business circles to designate the size of the nails by the price in pennies per hundred. When cut nails were introduced, the sizes were still designated by pennies as before, and in all probability will always be, so long as nails are ever used.

IGNORAMUS.—The Zodiacal Constellations, or the Signs of the Zodiac, are twelve in number, viz., Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces. These are the Latin names, but the following rhyme, if you will learn it, will not only teach you the order in which they come, but their English names as well:

"The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales,
The Scorpion, Archer and the Goat,
The Man that holds the watering-pot,
The Fish with glittering scales."

There are twenty-five constellations visible in the Northern Hemisphere, above the Zodiacal Signs, called the Northern Constellations, among which are the Great Bear, Little Bear, Northern Crown, the Wagoner, etc. In the Southern Hemisphere there are eighteen Southern Constellations.

ARTHUR.—You say you quarreled with her ten months ago, and mutually settled that you were to be no longer lovers, nor even friends; since, you have met a few times, and without speaking to or appearing to take the least notice of each other; but that the last time that you did meet, you could not help fixing an earnest gaze on her sweet face. She returned your look, and you believed that you saw "love in her eyes." Considering that she has since allowed no one to pay court to her, there is every probability that she still loves you; and as you are quite unable to banish her fair image from your heart, that even in your dreams you constantly behold her, next time you meet accost her, declare that she is still as dear to you as ever, ask to be reinstated in her affections, and that she and you may again be to each other all that you "used to was." This is our advice upon the data you have given us; we ought to have been told from what cause you two quarreled and separated.

S. HENTLEY.—In estimating the number of miles of railroad in England, you have overlooked the fact, of which you were perhaps not aware, that nearly all the British railroads have double and some quadruple tracks. In fact, we may say all, except the merely local roads or short-feeders. 2. Yes; the tracks of English railways never cross each other on the same level, one always viaducts over the other, approaching it on a high embankment or series of arches. In passing through or into cities, the tracks nearly always run on what is called a "high level." The roadway usually consists of a series of brick or stone arches, elevated at twenty or twenty-five feet above the surface of the ground, and under these arches the traffic on the streets passes without danger or impediment. On the express trains we have ourselves dashed through cities and towns, or rather over them, at the speed of thirty-five to forty miles an hour, looking down on the housetops of long rows of tile-covered brick cottages, and taking in the whole at a glance from a sort of bird's-eye view.

H. A. W.—You ask us "How did Charles II and James II treat the colonies?" You do not say what colonies, or if you refer to any particular event in history. However, so far as we can find, there is no mention whatever made of either of these two English kings having done anything whatever, one way or the other, towards the colonies. Charles II spent the whole of his days and nights in profligate pleasures, suffered the whole nation to be ruled by unprincipled and wicked men, and at last died in the midst of his drunkenness and debauchery. James II, as you may remember, had a very short and troubled reign, only three years, and we see no mention made of the subject of your question. 2. There is no material difference that we are aware. 3. Arterial blood is the blood contained in an artery, venous blood is that contained in the veins. The former is of a florid red color, while venous blood is of a brownish red. 4. It would occupy more space than we can afford to give you to explain the process by which food is converted into blood.

CONSUMPTIVE.—"What is cod-liver oil; and how is it procured?" Cod-liver oil, as its name indicates, is derived from the liver of the cod. It is used extensively as a remedial agent, more especially for pulmonary complaints. Its principal value seems to depend upon its nutritive qualities and the digestive powers of a portion of pepsin or biliary matter, which is always present, and which may be detected by the application of a drop of concentrated sulphuric acid, when, if the oil be really cod-liver oil, a beautiful purple color will be immediately produced. The number of codfish captured is incalculable. The cod fishers, in opening the fishes to salt and dry them, carefully preserve the livers, for which an extra boat is usually in attendance; they are then taken on shore, and piled up in immense masses, exposed to the sun. The heat soon makes the oil run from the livers in considerable abundance, and for a short time is very clear, and of a light straw color. This is the first quality, and is kept by itself. As the livers begin to decompose, however, they give a darker color to the oil, and several qualities are obtained.

W. J. B. (Pittsburgh).—"What is the process of japanning?" Japanning is the art of producing a highly varnished surface on wood, metal, or other hard substances, sometimes of one color only, but more commonly figured and ornamented. The process received its name from Japan, whence articles so varnished first came. In the application of the process to leather, the material is first stretched on frames or boards, and brushed over two or three times with seedlac varnish to form the priming; successive coats of transparent varnish are then added; a hot oven is then used to hasten the drying of the work; and when thick enough, the varnish is polished by rubbing it with a rag dipped in finely-powdered tripoli or rottenstone. The process is completed by rubbing the surface with oil. When other substances than leather are japanned, and the subject is to exhibit a design, the priming is covered with a varnish previously mixed with a pigment of the tint desired, upon which the objects are painted in colors mixed with varnish, after which coats of varnish are applied, and each coat successively dried by artificial heat.

F. J. S.—"What is an orrery? I got the word given me at a spelling-bee the other evening, and never having heard the word before, of course I was unable to spell it, and so had to take a back seat." We are afraid your education has been somewhat neglected, never to have been taught what an orrery was. It is a planetary machine to illustrate and explain the motions of the heavenly bodies, and is sometimes also called a planetarium. It is said to have been constructed by Rowley, after a pattern devised by the clock maker, George Graham, at the expense of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, about 1715, hence its name, we presume. David Rittenhouse, the eminent mechanic and mathematician of Philadelphia, constructed a planetarium in 1768, which has elicited the highest praise. It was superior to anything that had been previously constructed, and was purchased by the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, where it remains to this day, if we are informed aright. Upon it is this inscription: "Invented by David Rittenhouse, A. D., 1768; repaired and extended by Henry Voight, 1805; both of Philadelphia." It is said that when Cornwallis took possession of Princeton, after Washington left it on the morning of the 3d January, 1777, he intended to carry off this planetarium and send it as a trophy to England, but he was kept too busy by the Americans to allow him to carry out his intentions.

MISCELLANEOUS.—BELL.—August 28th, 1856, fell on a Thursday. G. G.—May and December seldom agree. It would be well to abandon such an idea. F. H.—The matter had better be deferred for a year or two at least. W. D. R. N.—A little more experience will be of great service to you. Twenty-one is a very early age at which to "settle down." I. Y. Z.—We can form no idea of the value of the coins. Show them to some dealer in such curiosities. J. A. P.—The young lady has herself suggested how you should act, by telling you that "she is not bound to you, and shall do what she likes." What else can you do than consider the engagement broken off? EDITH.—We can send you a good work on etiquette on receipt of one dollar and your address. ROMEO.—The book in question can be had if ordered through any booksellers, or we will send it to you on your remitting us the price, two dollars.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.